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THE BRIGHT SPRING IS COMING.

BY M. J. W.

Shall we mourn that the flowers have faded?
Shall we weep that the roses are dead?
Shall we grieve that the once verdant branches
Their beautiful foliage have shed?

Shall we pine that the earth is now barren
And cold with the Winter's chill breath,
That the soul cheering charms of sweet Nature
Are bound in the strong chains of Death?

Oh, no! for the glad Spring is coming
In glory, and power, and might,
To banish Death's shadow and darkness,
Crowning earth with Life's diadem bright.

Bringing back all the grandeur departed,
Bringing back every treasure most rare;
Nature's mantle of beauty restoring
To its rich pristine radiance fair.

Shall we mourn for the hopes that have faded?
Shall we weep for the friends that have fled?
Shall we grieve that Life's shadows have gathered
In sadness and gloom round the head?

Shall we pine that the heart has been stricken
By coldness, ingratitude, scorn,
That the sweet joys of earth have departed,
And life of its gladness been shorn?

Oh, no! for the bright Spring is coming,
That the soul's perfect bliss shall disclose,
Heaven's grand compensation for sorrow,
That shall banish each shade of earth's woes.

Bringing back to the heart every treasure
Long wearily sought all in vain,
Life's chalice of unfailing pleasure,
Unmixed with earth's dark lees of pain.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXII.

AT PIKE'S.

While the meeting at Vinedell was debating the question of arresting Lovelace on suspicion of complicity with the abductors, and arranging a plan of investigation of the outrage, under the charge of Detective Fogg, whose services were still retained, the suspected man was making arrangements for the same purpose.

The boy, Tim Sparks, had been sent for by Mr. Sedley, as arranged between the two friends. It was evening before he appeared. The operator was now temporarily off duty, and had the boy brought into his room, at the house in which he resided.

He was, for a rarity, respectably dressed, and an unusual whiteness of complexion showed a liberal use of soap and water upon his countenance.

He stood rather sheepishly, twirling his cap in his hand and looking every way but into the face of Lovelace, who sat closely regarding him.

"Sit down, my boy," he said. "What is your name?"

"Tim Sparks, sir."

"Sit down, Tim."

As the boy seemed unwilling to take so great a liberty, Sedley took him kindly by the shoulder, and forced him into a chair.

"What business are you in, Tim?"

"Doing nothing, sir," said Tim.

"How do you like the job?"

"First rate, sir, only it don't pay."

"You had a tight tie last night?"

"Kinder," said Tim. He was rapidly recovering his assurance.

"Did you see the man plainly, that tied you?"

"Rayther."

"Would you know him again?"

"Reckon I would, but ain't sure. It was a bit dark. He was a tall feller, with a big black beard."

"Did you notice his dress?"

"He had on a sack coat and a slouch hat."

"Are you open, Tim, for a job?"

"Ain't I?" said Tim, with enthusiasm.

"Mr. Sedley and I are working for the capture of the men who tied you, and the release of Miss Browning from their hands. We want you to help us in this."

"Won't I?" cried Tim, starting from his chair and executing a *pas seul* upon the floor. Stopping, however, in the middle of his first figure, he resumed his seat, with a rather sheepish expression.

"Can you keep a secret, Tim, and do just what you are told without asking why, or telling anybody your business?"

"Can't I?" said Tim, with unction.

"It will be made worth your while."

"I don't keer for that, sir. I'd stand on my head ten hours on a stretch for the lady. She allers served me jist like a lady oughter."

"To-day is Saturday. You can do nothing till Tuesday. On that day you must get your eye on the house at Vinedell, and all the rest of your corporation out of sight."

"On Mr. Browning's house?"

"Yes."

"What fur, sir; if it's not against the rule to ask?"

"One of the men who captured Miss Browning will call there some time that day; probably the one who tied you, but it may be the other. Would you know the other?"

"I wouldn't know him from a basket of beans," said Tim, as if he thought a peculiarly strong denial was needed.

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SHE THREW HERSELF WITH A BITTER SENSE OF DESOLATION AND DESPAIR UPON THE CHAIR.

"Do you know most of the people about Dover?"

"All of them. There ain't a man within three miles I wouldn't know."

"Then keep your eye open for a stranger."

"Ain't it kinder queer, one of them fellers coming there?"

"Don't bother your brains about that; and mind that you hold your tongue. You must go early and stay late but that you see him. And take care that no one suspects your object."

"All right on that pint. I've got a hiding place laid out now."

"When you have seen him enter, wait carefully till he comes out again, then follow him wherever he goes."

"I'll do my prettiest, sir."

"It may not be so easy. He will probably arrive in some sort of a vehicle."

"A what, sir?"

"A carriage of some kind. You must follow it, if you run your legs off, or steal a horse. If there is any chance, you must hang on behind, if you have to hold fast with your teeth."

"I'll try," said Tim, simply but earnestly.

"You must not fail. On your success in this may depend the question of the release of Miss Browning from these villains. You understand its importance?"

"I do jist that. If it's in the legs or the hands of a boy to do it, I'm your boy. I'll foller him, or bust a-trying."

Lovelace now proceeded to give the lad more precise directions, impressing on him particularly the virtue of silence and the vital necessity of success in his effort.

He finally dismissed him, satisfied from the simple earnestness and the lack of boasting in the boy, that he would effect his object if it was within the limits of possibility.

As for himself, he spent the Sunday quietly with his friend Sedley, convinced that there would be no use in aimless efforts to learn the plans of such shrewd villains, and that hope of success lay only in the plan he had marked out.

But he had his own part to play in this scheme. Early on Monday morning he took the train for Martinsville. Here he had a consultation with the police authorities of the city. They had heard of the abduction, and had made some efforts to discover if the villains were hidden in their city. In this they had failed. Nothing had been seen of a suspicious character, and the dangerous classes of the town had evidently been free from connection with this affair.

He made full inquiries regarding these dangerous classes, and the habits, mode of life, and criminal record of each individual. Nothing was elicited, however, giving reason to suspect any one of them in particular. The police, in fact, had good reason to believe that none of them had been absent from the city on the day of the abduction.

He inquired also concerning the places likely to be employed in the concealment of such a captive, expressing his belief that she was held in captivity somewhere in that vicinity. This the authorities strongly doubted. They had already made research, and had found nothing leading them to any such suspicion.

Lovelace left them with the strong impression that they were a rather stupid set of men for the position they held, and that criminal actions might be carried on under their very noses, unseen by them.

After leaving them, his next proceeding was to purchase a suit of coarse, second-hand clothing. These he donned at the hotel at which he had taken a room, with the effect of greatly changing his appearance.

His waxed and pointed moustache was washed out and tumbled into an uncared-for aspect, while three days' growth of a black board, usually close-shaven, gave him strongly the look of a man to whom his personal appearance was the last consideration. John Milton Lovelace had quite shed his foppish respectability, and was in fine condition to pass current for one of the great unwashed.

Examining his appearance in the glass with much satisfaction, he added a few touches by way of embellishment, with the skill gained in his dramatic experience.

"That will do," he said, at length. "I can be a mechanic looking for a job, a tramp looking for a place to sleep, or a boatman looking for a berth, or any other character that suits me better. I must see the lay of the land before I lay out my course."

It was now near night. He spent the evening quietly at Martinsville, and slept that night at the hotel. What restless hours, what dreams his bed brought him, or what dreamless slumbers is beyond the circle of our knowledge.

The next day his efforts were directed to discovering the locality known by the classic name of Pike's. This he had some difficulty in effecting. At the hotel, where he left a valise containing his ordinary clothes, and where his striking change of appearance excited considerable staring and many surmises, no one knew of any place called Pike's.

His inquiries outside were for some time equally unsuccessful. At length a rather seedy-looking individual informed him that he "believed there were some sich place, 'bout three miles out, nigh onto the old creek bridge."

Lovelace, without further questioning, made his way towards the locality indicated. He had good reason for supposing that his information was correct, knowing that the villains had landed from the creek, at the point which he sought. The house indicated, however, must be of very slight importance, to be so little known.

The main road from Martinsville crossed the creek, as has been already mentioned, at a point about three miles from the city. This crossing was by a fine stone bridge.

He was told, on asking a person living near the bridge, that the old bridge lay about a mile up the creek, "on the old North road, that wasn't much used now."

Pike's, he was informed, was just above the bridge, on the road.

Lovelace thanked his informant, and started briskly off, "cross lots," to the point mentioned.

He was a rapid walker, being long accustomed to open air exercise. Fences and ditches proved no obstacles to him. He vaulted over them with the light spring of an athlete, and very few minutes brought him within sight of the old bridge.

It was a roughly-built frame structure, though, to all appearance, of considerable strength. There were several farm houses within sight from his point of view, and two or three small residences near the road, at considerable distance apart.

Nearest the bridge was a long frame building, in a dilapidated condition. Connected with it were stables and sundry outhouses.

This, he settled in his mind, must be his goal. As he approached the road he asked himself what particular plan he had in view, and confessed to himself that he was utterly without fixed object.

He had failed in learning anything useful to his purpose at Martinsville. Pike's had been mentioned in the despatch in a manner that seemed to indicate that it was well known to all the parties concerned.

It might thus be a place of resort for the persons of whom he was in search, and there was a bare possibility of his gaining some important clue by a visit to this place.

His disguise had been assumed with a view to render himself less liable to suspicion than in his usual dress and manner.

As he stepped into the road he assumed a gait in accordance with his new character, and came up towards the tavern with a slow, long, slouching step, like that of a person wearied with a long journey.

There was a swinging sign in front of the house, and by its wide porch, and general aspect, it had apparently been a place of some pretension in the days when this road had been more travelled.

On the sign-board was the dingy figure of a tree, and beneath it, in equally dingy letters, the name, "Holly Tree Inn." At the top of the sign, apparently newly painted, was the word "Pike's."

This at once explained the mystery of its being so little known under this appellation. Had he asked for the Holly Tree Inn he would have had no difficulty.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon, the day was rather warm, and the shaded porch and cool-looking bar-room were quite inviting, as contrasted with the fervor of the summer sun.

He entered the room, with the same weary gait, and seated himself by a small table in a corner, calling, in a subdued tone, for a glass of ale.

There were but two persons in the room, the bartender, a flashily-attired, and uncomely youth, with an air of knowingness that was rather grotesque than otherwise.

The other person, who had been leaning over the bar, chatting with him, was a large, spare-faced person. He wore a beard cut very short round his chin. The general expression of his face was that of dullness; but Lovelace thought he detected something sinister in his looks. He was dressed in a suit of grey summer cloth, dusty as if from a long walk.

The bartender brought Lovelace his ale, looking at him closely as he did so.

"Come far to-day?" he asked in a supercilious tone.

"All the way down from Dover, which ain't bad for a hot spell," was the reply, in the accent of a countryman.

"Any news stirring up that quarter?"

The other man had now left the bar, and stood leaning upon a chair near the new comer. He appeared interested in the answer to this question.

"Well, no, nothing of much account, as I knows on," said Lovelace, deliberately sipping at his glass of ale. "There were a bit of excitement 'tother day, but I guess it's 'bout blown over."

"What was it? Any sort of a breeze is a fair breeze these days."

"I don't just catch your drift," said Lovelace, looking up inquiringly.

"Any news is good news, I mean; for things is confounded dull here just now. What's up at Dover?"

"A young gal carried away, the daughter of that Mr. Browning who was mixed up somehow in the murder business which I suppose you've heard of."

"A girl carried away?" he asked, in a surprised and interested tone.

The other man had seated himself, and was partly turned away, as if no longer attending to their conversation.

"That's the talk. They hadn't found her when I left this morning. It's a blamed queer business right through, though I haven't pestered myself much about it."

"What do they think about it?" asked the other man, turning in his chair. "It's a bad business, and no mistake. Who do they think took the girl, and what for?"

"I'd tell you if I only knew. But a fellow like me, on a tramp for work, and only a day in the town, couldn't pick up much. I hear them say it's likely some bad crew from up in the hills that's took her. There's others of them thinks that she was brung down this way."

"What for?"

"Now you're ten good steps ahead of me," said Lovelace, finishing his ale at a draught, and looking rather stupidly up at the speaker. "Fur some game, I 'spose."

"I should reckon so," said the other, turning carelessly away.

"Didn't nobody know nothing about it?" asked the bartender, who seemed anxious for something novel and exciting.

"There were a boy. They tied him, and left him to spend the night chawing wood. There were two men took her off in a boat."

"Up stream?"

"Or else down stream. They mought have landed here for all I know."

"What would they land here for?" asked the seated man, turning sharply round, and flashing a surprised glance towards him.

"It's nigh Martinsville, which is the place that such rogues would be like to make fur, if they didn't strike out for the mountains."

"It's not likely they'd drag the girl three miles over a road like this, and then into a city. That would be a risky business."

"Mebbe they took a team."

"And where would they get it?"

"I wasn't one of the gang, and don't calculate to know their plans," said Lovelace, in a slightly angry tone. "They mought have hired a team at Pike's, fur all I know."

There was a perceptible quiver of the eyelids in the questioner, which did not escape the vigilant glance of Lovelace. The last answer seemed, in some way, to have touched him.

"Do you think we hire teams to thieves and kidnappers?" cried the bartender, with an oath and a fierce expression.

"I dunno as I said you did," answered Lovelace. "I don't keer a mackeral about the gal anyhow, so don't git yourself riled."

Any further remark by the bartender was hindered by the stopping of a carriage, which that moment drove up to the door.

He hurried from the room, but after a minute reappeared in company with a burly, black-whiskered man.

The other occupant of the room had started up hastily on hearing the approach of the carriage, and stood gazing in an interested manner at the door.

"Hallo! Bill. On hand, I see," said the new comer, in a loud voice, as he entered.

"I've been here this hour," said the person addressed. "How's things?"

"Prime. All O. K. Take something?"

"Don't care if I do indulge."

"Whisky straight for me. I guess that's your tipple too, Bill?"

"You ought to know my style by this time, Jake. We've been drunk in company often enough."

There was a slight movement by Lovelace at this name which attracted the attention of the new comer, who had not before observed him.

"Won't you indulge?" he asked, after a quick glance.

"Don't keer if I do spile a noggin of ale," was the slow reply of Lovelace.

Swallowing the malt liquor at a draught he turned with his back to the bar, as the others stood facing the bartender, with whom they had some light chat.

By this movement Lovelace's eyes fell on the face of a boy peering curiously in at the open window, but who drew hastily back on being observed.

He was not so quick, however, but that our friend recognized the shrewd face and glittering eyes of his youthful agent, Tim Sparks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

But it is time that we should return to the unhappy captive of a band of unknown villains. The first night of her captivity she passed in sleeplessness, but in darkness too deep for her to realize her position, in a mental agony too intense to permit any connected thought.

With the return of day her mind grew somewhat more calm, her terror less extreme. The light of the sun came to her faintly through a small window set high in a strong stone wall. Across this window were several thick iron bars, built into the wall, and utterly precluding all hope of escape in that direction.

It was on these bars that her eyes first fell, when the light had grown strong enough for her to endeavor to realize her position.

She turned away with a shuddering dread, closing her eyes to shut out these horrid symbols of imprisonment, and her heart throbbing wildly from the intense nervous excitement that possessed her.

But a natural anxiety to learn the full measure of her misfortune soon impelled her to resume the dreaded duty of inspection of her surroundings.

She found herself to be immured in a small room, about twelve feet square, with bare, plastered walls, and uncovered board floor. It had but one window, that which she had already seen, and a strong oaken door, set in a party wall of stone or brick, and firmly locked.

In the middle of this door, near its top, was an opening of less than a foot square, fitted with a sliding wicket, which she was unable to move. This opened on to a small shelf, firmly set on a level with the bottom of the opening.

The room was almost bare of furniture, this consisting only of a small bed, which occupied a corner of the room, a single, cane-seated chair, a small table, and a washstand, with pitcher and basin.

In the corner of the room adjoining the window was a closet. Otherwise it was a desolate, narrow square, as barren of comfort or interest as could well be conceived.

To one accustomed to a life of luxury, surrounded by every source of enjoyment which wealth could purchase, and used to the utmost liberty of movement, this prison-like apartment seemed horribly constrained, its rude furniture utterly distasteful to her eyes.

She threw herself, with a bitter sense of desolation and despair, upon the chair, and gradually wept herself into the slumber that had refused to visit her overstrained senses during the silent hours of the night.

Her sleep lasted for several hours. She woke somewhat refreshed by her slumbers, and her young blood partly threw off the deep sense of despondency which had overmastered her. She was still full of a fearful sense of her

dangers and terrible uncertainties of her position, but had recovered from the shuddering abandonment to despair which had rested upon her the night through.

She had been visited during her slumbers. The wicket had been opened, and on the shelf stood some dishes of plain food and a small pitcher of water.

The very thought of food was loathsome to her, and she turned from it with a sense of abhorrence. The natural appetite of a young healthy girl had been overcome in her by her mental suffering, and it seemed to her as if she could never again relish food.

Noon found her still stretched in silent despair upon the bed. But now the dominion of the senses was returning upon her. She had been so wrapped up in suffering as to be oblivious to aught without her, save those additional incitements to dread which sight had brought her.

She now began to hear and attend to outward sounds. Noises had been for some time obtruding themselves upon her senses, but she had simply heard without heeding them.

She now noticed a faint murmur, as of far-off sound, coming to her ears from the distant portions of the building in which she was confined. Occasionally a sound as of a muffled voice came to her, almost inaudible from the thickness of the walls of her apartment.

Through the window, whose sash was partly raised, a noise as of the rustling of leaves entered, and as she lay listening, with newly-awakened interest, she heard the roll of wheels and the tramp of a horse, apparently at some distance.

Curiosity, not unmingled with hope, impelled her to seek the window. By standing on a chair she saw spread before her a lawn of some width, rather thickly grown with trees. Beyond it rose a high stone wall, above whose summit hung a light cloud of dust, as if from a road beyond it. In fact there was again audible the passing of a carriage, to which this dust might be attributed.

From her position, in the upper portion of the building, she could see beyond the wall. There rose before her eyes the walls and roofs of a large town, alternated with fields and open spaces near by, but further on built closely together. The green embellishment of most country towns rose everywhere above the roofs, and farther on she saw the bright flash of waters, where the sun kindled the surface of what seemed a broadly-flowing stream.

As she gazed recollection returned to her of a long and dreadful passage over water, the previous night, bound and helpless, and in the custody of two dark and sullen-looking keepers. She remembered, too, a subsequent ride over a dusty road, the clang of iron gates, and the roar of echoing doors, or such the noise had seemed to her distracted senses.

But as to how far she had come, in what direction, or in what locality she now was, she remained utterly ignorant. She had been unable to consider anything dispassionately and clearly during that dreadful journey.

Her new anxiety to discover her surroundings now induced her to direct her glances to the right and left. In each direction she perceived a transverse wall, at no great distance, and beyond it a row of houses, only the first few of which she was able to see.

She appeared to be immured in a building, surrounded by an enclosure of no great size, and filled with trees, so that the view of the neighboring town or city could be only had in glimpses here and there through the waving screen of leaves.

A footstep outside her door induced her to spring hastily to the floor and remove the chair from the window. This cautious action was a strong evidence that her native faculties were again asserting their supremacy, and that she had lived through the period of unreasoning despondency.

The step paused opposite her door. The wicket was pushed back from the outside. Her anxious eyes saw first through the opening the surface of an opposite wall, as of a narrow passage outside the door.

It was next filled up with the face of a woman, who peered somewhat curiously into the room.

The face was hard-featured, and ill-favored, with half-combed, sandy hair, and a look giving little evidence of human feeling, an expression devoid of any inherent sympathy with misfortune or suffering.

She removed the untasted food without a word, after staring a moment at the occupant of the room, who stood with clasped hands and a look of intense eagerness upon her face—a vision of passionate hope and anxiety utterly out of place in such a situation.

The woman now placed other dishes of food upon the shelf, with the cold heartlessness of a human machine, and was turning away without a word.

The captive flew with the quick motion of an imprisoned bird, to the opening.

"Oh!" she cried, with deep pathos, "Tell me, what place is this? Why am I kept in this prison? What have I done, to be brought here?"

The woman turned, drawing partly back against the opposite wall.

"Don't get frightened, Miss," she said. "There ain't nobody going to hurt you. You needn't be afeard."

"But where am I? Why am I brought here?"

"You needn't be afeard," she repeated. "Try and eat your vittels. There ain't no use to starve yourself."

"Will you tell me nothing?" cried the poor prisoner, wringing her hands in anguish. "You are a woman. Have pity on me. Tell me, why am I brought here? When will I see again the home from which I have been stolen?"

"It won't be long, miss," said the woman, soothingly. "In two or three days, or maybe sooner. Don't get worried. There ain't no use in that."

"But where am I? What dreadful place is this?" cried the prisoner, indignation mingling with the passion of her appeal.

"This is a very nice place," said the woman. "There won't no hurt come to you here; you'll get plenty of good vittels, and you'll be sent home in two or three days. So don't be worrying, there ain't no use in that."

Without waiting for a renewal of the prisoner's appeal, she gently closed the slide and walked off with a heavy step down the passage.

Utterly at a loss to understand the words or manner of the woman—the hardness of her face so contrasted with the soothing gentleness of her voice—and thinking with more fear than hope of the promise that she would be sent home, she threw herself again upon the bed, the intense excitement of the last few moments working itself out in tingling nerves, fiercely throbbing heart, and a hot, feverish pain in her head.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LIFT TO MARTINSVILLE.

We left Lovelace, disguised as a workingman, at the Holly Tree Inn, together with two suspicious characters, one of whom, the sudden appearance of Tim Sparks seemed to identify with the Jake of the secret telegraphic message.

Our friend strolled whistling about the room, while the two men kept up their chat with the bar-keeper. Finally he strolled through the door into the entry, and out on to the porch.

Arrived there, his listless air changed. Tim stood outside, with a face full of eagerness, awaiting his approach! He was about to speak, when Lovelace, by a gesture, commanded silence, and led the way to the other end of the porch and around the corner of the house.

"Now, Tim," he said, in a cautious tone.

"That's him," cried the boy, triumphantly. "That's him, sure as jumping off a log. It were hard scratching; but I went for him, and I was bound to bring him."

"What do you mean? Is this one of the men who carried off Miss Browning?"

"It's the feller what tied Tim Sparks. There's no going back on that. I twig him from the twist of his eye to the color of his necktie."

Lovelace's face lighted up with an expression of joy as he heard this emphatic affirmation. He felt that he was safely on the track of the villains.

"Go on, Tim," he said. "Let me hear the whole story."

"I hid myself close to the house, as you told me," said the boy. "There's a bunch of bushes in a little, dry run, just before the house. I laid there for five good hours, a-waiting, and there weren't a sign of him. After awhile, I seen a one-horse team drive up. Just the one that stands over there."

He pointed to the carriage, which had been left standing before the door. It was a one-seated, covered affair, much the worse for wear.

"I came out of my hole when he drew up, and was a sitting on the fence, whistling Yankee Doodle like fun."

"Did he see you?"

"Did he? I rayther guess! I twigged him in a minute for the customer that tied me. I jumped down and was standing alongside the hoss when he stopped, looking like as I wanted a job.

"'Will you hold my hoss?' says he.

"'Won't I?' says I.

"With that he flung me the reins and walked in. He was there about half an hour. When he came out, I was a-setting in the wagon, holding the reins."

"The deuce you were?"

"That's pretty nigh what he said. He was kind of riled at first, and let out this way:

"'What the deuce are you doing there?'

"'Resting,' says I. 'What's more, I want a drive.'

"He laughed as if he was kind of tickled.

"'How far would you like to go?' says he.

"'About as far as you'd keer to take me,' says I.

"He laughed again—a kind of wicked laugh. I guess he thought he'd give me ride enough to make me sick of it. Anyhow, he jumped in and took the reins and he's been driving ever since. I let on I wanted to get out when we got t'other side of Dover. But he just laughed again.

"'You wanted a ride,' says he. 'You ain't had half a ride yet,' and he whipped up, and just set poking fun at me."

"And you?"

"I let on I were mighty skeered, but I just kept playing possum inside, and a-saying to myself, 'Old hoss, you're sold cheap.'"

"Good for you, Tim, I didn't know you had so much in you. Did he keep you in till he stopped here?"

"No; he set me out half a mile back. I didn't want to get out then, but he sung out:

"'Git out, you blamed young whelp. You've had a nice ride, ain't you? I hope your dad may skin you when you get home again.'

"I had to jump out, and he looked back and laughed at me agin, as he drove on."

"And you followed?"

"As fast as I could run. He didn't beat me much here."

"Good boy! I will make this worth your while," said Lovelace. "This road leads to Martinsville, which is about three miles off. That's where your friend is driving. I want you to hurry on now along the road. It may be some time before he drives on, and you will be likely to have a good start. If you get near the town before he comes up, or get where any branch roads turn off, you must wait till he goes by. Then you must not miss following him up close and finding out where he stops. You will find me to-night at Blank Street hotel, in Martinsville. You can come there with any news you get."

"All right, sir; I've got it down solid. But ain't you playing a sort of sharp game, too?" he asked, looking curiously at Lovelace's dress. "I hardly knowed you when I first seen you."

"When we play with foxes we must play the fox. Off with you now, Tim, there is no time to lose. Don't fail to bring me word to the hotel."

"All O. K.," said Tim, starting off at a dog-trot up the road.

Lovelace sauntered back carelessly into the bar-room, whistling lightly as he entered.

The men were still engaged in conversation, but seemed as if they were about through with their chat. Jake had left the bar, and was standing in the middle of the floor.

"It's about time we were getting," he said. "Are you ready, Bill?"

"Yes, this half hour," answered the man called Bill.

"Ain't you going to take a horn with me, gentlemen?" said Lovelace. "It's my treat."

"Don't care if I do," said Bill, turning back to the bar.

"What will you drink? Come, sir," addressing Jake; "I'm standing treat now. Name your favorite tipple, and let's have it."

The two men stepped up to the bar, and called for drinks. Lovelace again took a glass of ale, which he held in his hand, sipping, and talking to them in a gay vein that seemed to please their fancies.

They stood backed up against the bar, taking part in his rather rough remarks. In this way a half hour passed after the departure of the boy before they again made a movement to depart.

This time Lovelace made no further effort to stop them, but stood on the porch bidding them good-by as they drove off, Bill taking the vacant place in the carriage beside his friend Jake.

They had not gone far before a second carriage drove up to the porch, and drew up there. From it leaped a person whom Lovelace recognized at a glance as Detective Fogg.

Lovelace was at this moment negotiating with the landlord for a horse and carriage to take him to Martinsville. Their conversation was momentarily interrupted by the arrival of the newcomer.

He seemed to have no purpose in stopping except to drink, his ride having apparently made him thirsty. He had given Lovelace one sharp glance as he entered, but took no further notice of him. As he stepped out again on to the porch he was followed by the bar-tender, who resumed his conversation with Lovelace respecting the carriage.

The officer had paused a moment, in an undecided manner, on the edge of the porch. He now turned suddenly back.

"How far are you going?" he abruptly asked Lovelace.

"To Martinsville."

"Just where I am driving to. Step in with me, and I will give you a lift that far."

"I don't want to put you to trouble," replied Lovelace, not very anxious to accept this invitation.

"No trouble at all. There is plenty of room," answered the detective, beginning to unhitch his horse.

"You must excuse me. I have already partly hired a team from our friend here."

"You had best come with me. You will find it to your advantage."

Detective Fogg turned as he spoke, and bent a keen glance upon Lovelace. There was something significant in the look, that appeared to change the invitation into a hidden threat.

"You seem very anxious for my company," said our disguised friend, in a surly tone.

"Yes; I like society." He drew the carriage up close by the step. "Come, oblige me by stepping in." His voice was commanding, rather than requesting.

"He certainly knows me," said Lovelace to himself. "There's something wrong in this. But if he means sport, I had better deal with one than two. I will take his invitation."

"All right," he said, aloud. "I am too tired to walk to Martinsville. If you are willing to take a working man into your vehicle, I have no objection."

"Jump in, then. I will take you straight; you can depend on that."

In another minute the two were driving down the road together.

The walk to Martinsville would have been no hardship to our friend, but he had observed that the man in whom he was so interested had not driven off very rapidly. He had hoped, by hiring a carriage, to be able to overtake and trace them himself, in case Tim should fail.

He hoped that the officer had no ulterior object in this pressing invitation. He feared, however, that he had, and judged it best to comply with a demand that was so nearly a command, rather than risk some unpleasant consequence of refusal.

Detective Fogg drove with some rapidity, looking straight forward, and saying nothing to his companion. In this way they proceeded for a mile along the road to the city.

Here the officer turned his horse into a road that ran off to the northward.

Lovelace turned in his seat, and looked him full in the face. The detective drove on, with an imperturbable look.

"Well," said our friend, with a quizzical tone, "is this your way to Martinsville?"

"This is my way," was the reply.

"It is not mine then. We have been together as long as we are likely to be good friends. Just pull up, and we'll part before we fall out."

"I can't part with you so easily," said the officer. "Your company is too agreeable to me just now."

"How kind you are," replied Lovelace, in a light tone. "Your politeness is charming. But I must really beg that you will excuse me. I would be charmed to be introduced into the bosom of your family. But pressing engagements, you know, Mr. Fogg."

"You know me, then?"

"Certainly. Could I break the rules of etiquette so far as to drive out with a person I had not been introduced to? You will be kind enough to stop, I am sure."

As he spoke he leaned forward and laid his hands firmly on the reins. The detective looked at him in angry surprise, but made no movement to prevent his stopping the horses. A strong pull at the reins drew them up in the middle of the road.

Lovelace relinquished his grasp of the reins, and the two men sat looking each other in the eye.

"I thought you would be kind enough to stop at my request," said Lovelace, "I am obliged to you for the lift you have given me, and will get out now."

"I hope you won't think of such a thing," said the officer, with similar badinage. "I am in hopes these persuaders will induce you to go on with me."

There suddenly appeared in his right hand a pistol, aimed point blank at his companion, in his left a pair of handcuffs.

"I think you had better wear these gloves for the rest of our journey. You will find them good riding gloves."

"Oh, I must beg you to excuse me," began Lovelace, with a light laugh that threw the detective partly off his guard.

The speaker suddenly interrupted himself, sprang up and seized the officer by his right wrist.

In an instant his arm was bent back, and twisted, so that the pistol fell from his unnerved grasp.

Lovelace seized it by another quick motion, avoiding at the same time a blow which the other had made at his head with the iron handcuffs.

"This is one of the games that two can play at," said Lovelace, covering him with the pistol.

The officer cowered from the deadly weapon and the fierce glance that was bent upon him.

"I will bid you a very good day now," continued Lovelace, leaping from the carriage. "You can drive on and report progress to your friends at Dover. Not that way," he continued, as the officer attempted to turn his team in the road. "You want to go the other way so bad that I can't think of letting you change your notion. You will be kind enough to drive on, for my finger is getting a little nervous about this trigger."

Without a word the officer drove on. Lovelace stood by the roadside watching him, as the carriage passed into the distance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

BY F. S. MILLS.

"Well, I don't think anybody can ever deceive me again, on *that* day. Once in a lifetime is enough for any sensible person to be tricked on the first of April."

And pretty Mabel Hughes looked defiance of all jokes, tossing back her sunny curls with a little white hand, and flaming a merry look at the company around her.

There was quite a group of young folks assembled to see the old year out and the new year in. Mabel Hughes took precedence at most of the gay gatherings, by right of acknowledged belleship, and her father's large, hospitable house was the rendezvous on the present occasion. The young folks had been discussing anniversaries, and while on that theme, April Fool's Day had had a place in the list of memorable days of the year.

Mabel had been tricked the year before by a gift of an exquisite basket containing apparently a quantity of rich red strawberries, far in advance of the summer season. With a little cry of pleasure, she had put one of the luscious-looking strawberries into her mouth, to find it a painted deception. Laughing, yet thoroughly in earnest, she had vowed never again to believe in a gift or speech of the date again.

As she now made her speech she looked full in the face of the supposed perpetrator of the last year's joke, and was answered by a pair of sunny frank eyes, that looked equal to fun of any sort.

"I can deceive you again," he declared, in answer to her implied challenge. "You have no idea how pretty you looked when you curled up your nose and pursed up your lips over that strawberry."

"Why, where were you?"

"In the hall, enjoying the joke."

"Well, make the most of the recollection, for you will never see me so taken in again."

"Until next April."

"Never!"

"We'll see. I shall take the next three months to invent something absolutely impenetrable."

"I defy you!"

"Hark!"

Slowly the bell from the neighboring church sounded the midnight hour. As the first stroke fell upon the air, the group rose to their feet, joined hands in a ring, and so stood motionless till the last echo died away. Then "Happy New Year" burst simultaneously from their lips; and after joyous greetings all round, the party separated, and the house was soon wrapped in darkness and repose.

"So Charles Martyn will play me another trick this year," thought Mabel, the next morning, as she stood before her glass twisting the bright curls round her fingers. "He may try his best, but he will not catch me again. Heigh-ho! he will have other things to think of by that time, and perhaps will forget me altogether."

For Charles Martyn was going into the world to seek his fortune. One year ago he had left college, having spent his whole small patrimony to obtain an education. He had left home a frank and bright boy, with unformed manners, rough ways—a country bred youth in all senses.

He had come home frank and sunny as ever, but with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman, and an education won by intense application. One year he had given to home, though alone in his little dwelling, a brotherless, sisterless orphan.

He had not intended to stay so long, but there was a magnetism in Mabel Hughes' dark eyes that bound him to the place, until the admiration deepened into sincere, earnest love, and then the conviction grew that he must win wealth before he dared tell his passion.

Mr. Hughes was wealthy, a lawyer in good practice, but he had nine children, and his fortune would give but a moderate competency to each one.

Charles Martyn was not the man to woo Mabel from her home, unless he could offer at least comfort in his own, and he had drained his purse in the year following his return from college. Somewhere in Canada he had an uncle who had written to him that he could find an opening for an enterprising young man as secretary to a land-company.

"I am very old," so the letter ran, "and very poor, so you must not come here with an idea of finding wealth made to your hand. You will have to work hard—but if you are not afraid of that, I will give you a good start, some practical advice drawn from experience, and a bed beneath my roof."

So he had written, and his nephew accepted his invitation. He had remained to see the New Year in; but Mabel knew his call on that day would be to say farewell for months, years perhaps—"perhaps," she thought, sadly, "never to meet again."

She had never questioned her heart about Charles Martyn, content to take his pleasant attentions, his gallant speeches, his deferential words, or, in other words, his half saucy jokes, his laughing badinage for the amusement of the hour. But on that New Year's Day she was restless, nervous, and excited, finding herself talking at random to her visitors, saying "yes" where she should have said "no," and listening intently for a footstep and voice that lingered away from her.

At last he came to speak to Mabel a few parting words. He did not bind her; he did not ask a return of his love; he only told her his prospects and hopes, and then said if he ever had a home to offer a bride, he should come to his native town to seek one.

Very vague this; but Mabel, looking into his dark, earnest eyes, silently resolved that his bride should be waiting for him when he returned.

Evening found him speeding over the iron road on his way to Canada.

My little heroine spoke no word to any one of the hope in her heart. Some day, she thought, her secret fount of hope and happiness might be open to her friends, but not now—not until words were given that made her blissful dream a certainty of joy.

Three months—four—sped away, and one April morning, when the feet of May were pressing closely on the confines of the passing month, Mabel had a letter all alone in her pretty room. She read the words, her heart full of joyful surprise over the contents.

Charles Martyn wrote a strange story. Upon his arrival in Canada he had found his uncle fast sinking under a fatal disease, partly the effect of starvation and exposure. In a miserable dwelling, half clothed and half famished, the prematurely old man lay dying. Shocked at such a sight, Charles had at once sent for a physician and some comforts; but the old man was so distressed at the expense, that it was not until his nephew assured him his own purse still held the needful funds, that he consented to the proceeding. For weeks he lingered, the young man faithfully ministering to his wants; then he died, leaving all he possessed, by will, to his beloved nephew, Charles Martyn. The miserable cottage seemed a poor legacy; but the young man's amazement may be imagined when he found his uncle had left an enormous fortune scraped together in a lifetime of miserly accumulation and avaricious hoarding. After this tale, he poured out his whole heart to Mabel, telling of his love, his hopes, and plans. One word from her would bring him at once to her side. His uncle's affairs would keep him a few weeks in Canada, but before letters could be exchanged he would be free to hasten to her. Might he hope? If she did not love him, silence would deal that blow to his heart.

We cannot tell the rush of happiness that flooded Mabel's soul as she read the letter. She had pictured years of anxious waiting, had let her fancy even run upon death during separation, had thought at best they would be middle-aged folks before Charles made his fortune, and had tried to think how going to Canada would suit her little self, and now he could come home, rich, free, loving, to make her his bride. Out of her full, loving heart, she wrote him a frank letter: then, before taking breath to gain her parents' consent to her answer, she turned to the date, to be certain of her address. With a quick, passionate cry, she threw the letter far from her, and sprang from her seat. All the joy was gone from her smiling lips, the flush from her cheek. Pale, with a concentrated anger blazing in her eyes, she paced the floor, clenching her little hands, and muttering in hasty, choking accents:

"Unmanly! Ungentlemanly! April Fool's Day! Idiot I was, to be so tricked by that romantic story. I might have seen it was copied from some old novel. Uncle dying in a cottage, and leaving him a millionaire! And to try to win from me *this!*" and she tore her letter into shreds as she spoke. "If I had sent it, before looking at that date—But he shall see that his base ungenerous *trick* failed to deceive me."

Then hot tears poured down her cheeks; for, remember, she loved him. Keener than a knife-thrust was the pain of thinking he had trifled with the love she had made the hope of her life. No true knight this, to make a jest of the holiest, purest impulses of her heart. She began to think she had been unmaidenly, and let him see too plainly the affection she bore him; and the weary day wore away, leaving her pale and sick with conflicting emotions and pain.

A headache will answer for pale cheeks and red eyes for one day; but as weeks wore on, and Mabel became more languid and wretched each day, her mother's fears were aroused, and she anxiously sought for some help for her bright, winsome child, now so dull and pallid. A summer of intense heat had added to the depression of Mabel's nature; and, after much consultation, it was decided to take her to Long Branch to see if the sea-side would not restore her roses.

In the meantime Charles Martyn waited in Canada, watching every mail from the very earliest that could have brought a reply to his letter, not daring to leave lest the detained epistle might be lost, if sent after him. In his strange bewilderment at the unexpected turn in fortune's wheel—the rush of hope that came with Mabel's image to his heart—the anxiety to write at once, to communicate his news, and try his fate—he had never noticed the unfortunate date of his important letter. The foolish challenge of New Year's Eve had been crowded from his memory by the hurrying change of events; and, therefore, the explanation of her silence did not occur to him. No, she did not love him; he had been foolish, blind, vain, to believe that all her gentle winning ways meant more than friendship. So at length, after arranging his affairs, he left his uncle's grave, and started for New York, previous to an intended trip to Europe. He would travel, and forget this boyish love and folly.

He had not intended making any stay at all in New York, but happening to meet there an old college friend who was extremely anxious that he should accompany him on a short visit to Long Branch where his parents were residing for the season, he consented, although reluctantly. Among other festivities at which he was present was a ball at the house of Mrs. Greenway, an aunt of Mabel Hughes, but of which relationship Charles Martyn was in utter ignorance.

Here they met. Mabel was listlessly looking over the room full of strange faces when Charles Martyn entered.

"Who is that, Aunt Helen? How came he here?" she asked, in an eager whisper.

"Where, my dear? Oh, that must be the gentleman about whom there is such a romantic story told," and then she told Mabel what she had believed to be a cruel jest.

One part of the letter true! was the rest so? The quick blood darted through her veins with suffocating speed; her breath came in short gasps, but with nervous self-control she stood quiet. They came forward to greet the hostess, and as Charles turned from Mrs. Greenway to acknowledge the introduction to her niece, his eyes fell on Mabel.

She did not pause to think whether it was forward or not. With both hands extended, her eyes lifted imploringly, her whole face quivering with emotion, she said:

"Oh, Charles, was it an April joke?"

And then the date of his letter flashed upon his memory. With quick tact he drew her hand through his arm, and led her towards the door.

"Where can we be alone?" he whispered, for she trembled violently, while the color was fading from her face with alarming rapidity.

"In the library. Come."

Well, reader, you and I need not go too. When Charles Martyn departed for Europe, Mabel was by his side, a fair, sunny bride, and the April day that threatened to crush the happiness of two lives, will do to recall for an old woman's warning when silver threads creep in among her clustering curls.

REVIEWER.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Davant' Mills, by Charles Henry Jones.

This is a new American novel, and is a very readable and interesting work, somewhat romantic in some of its incidents, but not improbable in any; neither are the characters overdrawn. Mr. Davant, the owner of the paper mills, which give the book its title, is one of the best pen-portraits we have read for a long time. The other characters, of whom there are a great many, are all well drawn, and there is, of course, a fair allowance of love, courtship and matrimony. We commend it to the perusal of all who like a really good novel, free from any exaggeration or sensation.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

Heaven; being the Substance of the Official Report of a Credible Eye-witness, from the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

This is the second volume of this Swedenborg Library, edited by H. F. Barrett. The Swedish sage says: "The interiors of my spirit have been opened by the Lord, and thus I have been permitted to converse with all whom I have ever known in the life of the body, after their decease; with some for days, with some for months, and with some for a year; many of whom were in the heavens and many in the hells." He held to this for twenty-seven years, and adhered to it to the last. This work is very curious as giving copious and connected details of life in heaven.

A General History of Greece, from the earliest period to the death of Alexander the Great, by George W. Cox, M. A., author of Tales of "Ancient Greece," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

To the student of history this will be a valuable work, giving as it does in a very convenient form, the history of the Greek people, written in a style which cannot fail to interest readers of all classes, the scholar as well as the critic. The history of Greece is the history of the most wonderful political and intellectual growth which the world has ever seen, and its interest is the more absorbing from the rapid march of events in the mighty drama which may fairly be said to have been played out in less than three centuries. The explanation of this astonishing quickness of development and decay is carefully brought out in the present volume.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Sea and Shore, by Mrs. C. A. Warfield, author of "The Household of Bouverie," "Montfort Hall," etc.

This is a sequel to Mrs. Warfield's last work, "Miriam's Memoirs," and is cast in the form of an autobiography. Miriam tells her own story of her trials, sufferings and hardships, and her final escape from persecutions, that we would think would have crushed the reason out of any one. The ingenuity of the plot and the dexterity with which its tangled threads are unravelled, will make this work one of the most popular of Mrs. Warfield's writings.

The Legends of the American Revolution, "1776," or, Washington and His Generals, by George Lippard.

Mr. Lippard was a well known and popular writer in Philadelphia a generation ago, and his works, which were numerous, commanded a ready sale. In view of the Centennial birthday of the Republic, the Petersons have republished his "Legends of the American Revolution," a work devoted to the records and legends of 1776, and consisting of a series of historical pen pictures of the times that tried men's souls. It is not merely a record of dry facts, but the author has surrounded his heroes with a halo of romance which adds a new charm to the narrative of their deeds. In the "Legends" he gives graphic descriptions of the battles of Germantown, Quebec, Brandywine, Trenton, and the Massacre at Paoli.

NEW MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.

Folio for April, 1876, a Journal of Music, Drama, Art and Literature.

This is a more than usually excellent number of this favorite publication, and contains "Kiss me Sweet," song and chorus, by C. A. White, a very sweet air. "Just Beyond the Other Shore," by H. P. Danks, words by S. N. Mitchell, and four other pieces of music, besides some first class reading matter, all for only $1.50 a year, postpaid.

Also, "La Sylphide," Morceau de Salon, by T. P. Ryder; "Blue Bells of Scotland," (with variations,) by T. P. Ryder; "In Beauteous May," Idylle, by H. Lickner, op. 87; "Love in May," for piano, by Th. Oesten; "Sunrise in the Morning," one of Primrose & West's songs and dance, by Geo. Wilson; "The Lover and the Bird," English song for soprano, by P. D. Guglielmo; "The Golden Pearl," mazurka, by Frank H. Pratt; "Awakening of Love," grand march, by Claude S. Haven; "Glory to God, who Reigns on High," Gloria from Mass in G Minor, by Eben H. Bailey.

From E. A. Samuels, 125 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

The Musician and Artist, a Monthly Journal devoted to Art, Literature and the Drama. $2.00 per year.

We have before us the first numbers of "The Musician and Artist," a very interesting and creditable little magazine, whose aim and scope are indicated by its title. The commencement of such a periodical at this time, is a courageous undertaking; for it is entering upon a path lined with the whitening skeletons of many similar enterprises. But the publisher of this latest aspirant to public favor, shows at least an intention to avoid the rock of mediocrity, upon which the majority of his predecessors have struck. We wish him all success in making his new work known and appreciated.

From S. Brainards' Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Musical World for February and March, 1876.

No person interested in music can afford to be without this valuable musical monthly. Each number contains forty pages of elegant new music and choice musical reading. As the music in each number would alone cost, in usual sheet form, more than the subscription price for one year, we know of no better investment for those desiring a monthly supply of the best new music at trifling cost. Send $1.50 to S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio, and you will receive the "World" regularly one year, together with a valuable book of 216 pages, entitled "Musical Hints," as a premium.

From W. H. Ewald, 136 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

"Always Remember the Poor," ballad, words by J. Fielding, music by H. T. Dyring. "Pull Down the Blind," waltz, by A. Peck. "Keep One Little Kiss for Me," song and chorus, words by Geo. Cooper, music by Charles E. Pratt.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

Whitney's Musical Guest for March, 1876.

Contains, among its fifteen pages of choice music, a copy of the grand concert galop, entitled "Fast Mail," a very superior composition for the concert-room.

From C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Song Journal for February, 1876.

We are always glad to receive this journal, its contents are always readable, and the music well selected and of standard excellence.

From Geo. Wood & Co., Cambridgeport, Mass.

The Vox Humana for April, 1876.

This musical monthly increases in interest every month.

PERSONALITY.—Most people keep too strong a hold of their personality to be able to forget themselves in their subject; they carry an unacknowledged self-consciousness along with them. If to be single-minded is to have an undivided interest in things, they are not single-minded. Beauties are aware that they are handsome; clever people are in the way of showing themselves to advantage, however little their subject lends itself to these considerations. The natural character is not by any means blind to its good points, nor ashamed to own them; it is not bashful, but the thing under discussion is *bona fide* the subject of thought; it has no feigned interest, no ministering to self-love by indirect means.

SOMETIME.

BY DELMADI.

Sometime sometime, though I know not how soon,
Whether morning or even or radiant noon,
Sometime, sometime, though I know not the day,
I shall love thee, and will not say thee "nay."

Somewhere, somewhere, though I know not the place,
I shall meet thee and greet thee face to face,
And the joy of that meeting will fully atone
For the hours I have suffer'd and wept alone.

Somehow, somehow, though I cannot tell
The *why* and the *wherefore*—*I love thee well*,
And know full well that this very day
My heart is all thine for ever an. aye.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 54, Vol. 16. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER V.

THE MINISTER GOES ON A JOURNEY.

Very tranquil was the progress of life at Combhollow. None of those bubbles called events rippled the calm surface of that Devonian millpond. Every day and every week brought the same duties—a beaten round of petty cares and unexciting pleasures—pleasures so small as to have been positively invisible to any observer surveying this quiet rustic life from the outside. Even the changes of the seasons brought but little change to the dwellers in the High street. The farming folks had their harvest homes, and apple-sorting time, and cider brewing, and all the variety of rustic life; but in the village—by courtesy, town—the dull, unalterable round went on from January to December. Save for the fireglow upon cottage windows, and the cheery look of the forge in the early dusk, you would hardly have known winter from summer. Frosts rarely visited this favored clime. There was a good deal of mist and rain, and sometimes fierce winds came tearing across the sea as savagely as if they meant to root up Combhollow altogether, but the traditional winter of the north—icicle-crowned and snow-mantled was a stranger here.

Naomi, just nineteen years of age in this misty November, schooled her soul to bear the quiet of her life, and performed her daily duties with a sweet tranquility, which might have seemed the essence of patience to any one who could have looked into her heart and seen its eager yearnings for a busier existence. She had talked to her father of her desire for missionary work, and he had answered her in the words of St. Paul, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

Very hard words they sounded to Naomi.

"But I don't want to preach, father," she replied; "I only want to teach the little children."

"There are children enough for you to teach here, Naomi. I am not satisfied yet with our Sunday school. The boys are backward, and the girls, though a little better, are wholly unenlightened."

Naomi sighed and submitted. This was an unanswerable answer. If she could not do good work with these little English Christians, born and bred to belief in the Scriptures, how could she hope to make converts of little heathens, speaking a strange language? Mr. Pentreath had given her a Hindostani grammar that had belonged to his uncle, Captain Tremaine, and she had worked in secret at the language—learning a little bit at a time during the extra quarter of an hour she could venture to keep her candle burning before going to bed. Anything beyond a quarter of an hour might have drawn upon her the displeasure of Aunt Judith, who had a sharp eye to the consumption of bedroom candles, and would have suspected the unholy practice of novel reading, or a sinful lingering over the braiding of hair, had she perceived an undue diminution of the tallow.

So Naomi, being convinced that she was not good enough or clever enough for a missionary, began to despair of ever releasing herself from the prison chamber of life in a village. She had no yearning for fine dresses, or pleasures, or any of the objects that might have presented themselves to the mind of a girl brought up in a boarding-school, but she sighed for something more than Combhollow could give her, or else, perhaps she needed some stronger anchor to hold her in those quiet waters, than any which the ties of her household offered.

Her father loved her. Of that, she had no doubt; but his affection was so undemonstrative as to seem near akin to coldness. He was formal in his intercourse with his children—more given to reprove than to praise, to counsel than to caress. As a child—finding herself motherless in childhood—she had given her father an almost romantic love, following him about with faithful solicitude, fearing, if he were out of her sight for a little longer than usual, that he would go away and she should never see him more, shedding childhood's passionate tears at the thought that he would die as her mother had died, and leave her lonely. The father had responded to this affection with an almost equal warmth, holding the little girl on his knees through many an hour of pious meditation, taking her with him on many a journey, carrying her when she was tired, watching by her little bed through childhood's fevers and illnesses, and in some wise filling the dead mother's place, much to Judith's displeasure, who argued that a woman must know more about the treatment of a sick child than a man, were he twenty times a father.

Little by little, as Naomi grew from childhood to girlhood, this sympathy between father and daughter had dwindled—on the father's side, not on the daughter's. Naomi was still as fond, but more reserved in the expression of fondness. She was too old to sit on her father's knee. She must give up those pleasant wanderings by her father's side. She had her lessons to learn—her daily tasks, scholastic and domestic. Aunt Judith taught her household economy, Joshua trained her mind. The father was transformed into the schoolmaster, and Judith took care to impress on her brother that if he were too indulgent, Naomi would respect him too little to benefit by his instructions.

"When you and I were boy and girl, we used to call father and mother sir and madam," said Judith. "You must remember that, Joshua."

"Yes, Judith. But I don't know that we loved them any more on that account. Father's a beautiful word. I should be sorry to hear Naomi change it for sir."

In pure conscientiousness, and with a view to the culture of his daughter's mind, Joshua abandoned those loving ways which had been so dear to his daughter's heart. The change was so gradual that she was hardly aware of its progress. It was only when she looked back to those happy childish days that she knew how much she had lost of life's sweetness. Yet she had no thought of complaint, nor was her father's goodness lessened in her estimation. He was still the one most perfect man her little world held; perfect as the best of those good men she had read about in her narrow range of literature.

Mr. Pentreath availed himself of Joshua's permission to call occasionally, and dropped in now and then of an evening, or came at dusk and drank tea out of the blue and buff Staffordshire teacups. Sometimes he stayed for prayers and supper, and listened attentively for the minister's exposition of psalm or chapter. Perhaps he obtained more real knowledge of the Scriptures from these evenings than from all those Sunday services which he had attended, absent-minded and sleepy, in the old parish church; where the family pew of the Pentreaths was as large as a small room, and screened from the vulgar gaze by old oak panelling and faded green curtains on brazen rods—a fine place for slumber.

Joshua took the young man's visits as a matter of course, but Judith vented her spleen in various shrugs and elevations of thin eyebrows and depressions of thin lips.

"How fond the young squire is of us all!" she said. "We ought to be uncommonly proud, I'm sure. Is it you or me, I wonder, he comes for?"

Whereupon Joshua's frown warned her that she had better push her insinuations no further.

* * * * * *

It was summer time again—early summer; the sweet, fresh season of newly-opened roses and new-mown hay. The young ferns were unfolding their tender green fronds under every hedge, on every stony bank; the hartstongues uncurling their pointed tips; fields purple with clover or silver-white with blossoming beans; a time of sweetest, subtlest odors, the sea yonder, deep, translucent green, shining through every opening in the undulating land, through ragged breaks in upland hawthorn hedges, above the beans and the clover, like another world, fairer even than this beauteous earth.

In such sweet summer weather, Joshua Haggard left Combhollow on a journey that was to last a week. He wore his Sunday suit, stout buckled shoes, and carried a change of linen and the simple necessaries of his toilet in a small leather knapsack.

His journey was to be performed, for the most part, in lumbering old stage-coaches, but the last twenty miles were to be done upon foot. Mr. Haggard was going to assist at the opening of a humble little chapel in the wild Cornish country between the Lizard and Penzance. The minister of the new chapel was one of his pupils and disciples; a dark-browed young shoemaker, of five-and-twenty, who had come in of an evening, with leather-stained hands, to read and study under Joshua Haggard's direction, and had nursed a tender passion for Naomi, which he had never ventured to reveal.

Perhaps it was his consciousness that this affection was vain, which decided Nicholas Wild on turning his back on the quiet comfort of Combhollow about two years ago, and taking up his staff as a wandering preacher. He had kept his own body and soul together by mending the shoes of his hearers; and he had ministered to the souls of his shifting flocks without fee or reward, content if, in field or on common, he could see listening faces crowding around him, and hear the untaught voices pealing up to the open sky in the hymns he dictated to his congregation line by line.

After an itinerant career of two years, Nicholas had become so popular in one particular district, as to find it advisable to settle there altogether; and his congregation had contrived among them to build him a chapel—such a curious little tabernacle, in an angle of a field, as lonely as if it had fallen from the sky. The walls of cob, the roof covered with large, thick slabs of roughly-cut slate, like flagstones; a small door at one end, a big window at each side, and about as much architectural design or beauty in the building as there is in a toy Noah's ark.

But the Temple of Solomon was never lovelier in the eyes of its founder than was this rude barn to Nicholas Wild. He wrote to his beloved pastor and teacher, telling him of his good fortune; how the Word had prospered in these far western villages by his humble efforts, and entreating Joshua, as a favor beyond all measure of gratitude, to come and preach the opening sermon in this newly-built chapel.

"Your voice would call down a blessing upon my work," he wrote, "and move the hearts of my faithful flock as I can never hope to stir them, though Providence has blessed my teaching. I want the opening of this lowly temple to be a golden page in their memories so long as they live. I want them to feel that this tabernacle among the hills has been sanctified and glorified by an inspired voice, by a chosen messenger of the gospel, gifted above all other servants of God."

To an appeal such as this Joshua Haggard would have esteemed it sinful to turn a deaf ear. Nicholas Wild's intelligence and piety had made the youth very dear to him. He was proud of his pupil's success, as in a considerable measure his own work, and his heart warmed at the thought of that little chapel among the wild hills by that rock-bound shore, over whose craggy pinnacles the dark-winged cormorants and the silver-white gulls skim and wheel and scream and chatter.

To Joshua this Cornish coast was at once familiar and dear. He, too, had wandered there in his hardy youth. He had taught and preached from Camelford to Penzance, and his teaching had prospered. His name was a word of power in the West, and he seldom let a summer go by without making some such journey as he was making now—to preach, to inspect village schools, to spend a day here and there among old friends, and perform other duties of his office.

The little chapel was opened to the eager flock one bright June morning; men, women and children in their smartest clothes, as if for a flower-feast—a congregation gathered from twenty miles round, so eager were these Independents to hear Joshua Haggard.

The fervid extemporaneous prayers were poured forth above the heads of that assembly, all standing to pray after their manner; the enthusiastic hymns had been sung—hymns which compared this cob-walled barn to the gorgeous temple in the sacred city; and then Joshua ascended to the deal pulpit, and opened his Bible on the green-baize cushion and preached a two hours' sermon upon one of his favorite texts: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

No one felt that two hours' discourse a sentence too long, unless it were perhaps the children, some of whom yawned piteously; some shuffled on their seats, and were shaken or otherwise admonished by offended elders; while others of still more tender years sank into placid slumber, and enjoyed the warmth of the atmosphere and the sonorous lullaby of Joshua's deep melodious voice.

Nicholas Wild was in a glow of gratitude as he walked home to the adjacent village with his friend.

"They will never forget your words to-day, nor shall I," he said. "They have sunk into my heart. You have told us what the minister of such a flock should be. It shall be the business of my life to come as near as I can to that sublime type. It ought to be easy for me, having known you. I have but to imitate my master upon earth, in order to approach nearer to the example of my Master in heaven."

"Gently, Nicholas, gently; you offend me by such words as those. Providence has been very good to me. My lines have fallen in pleasant places; life has been made easy to me. I have not been tried as some are tried, or tempted as some are tempted. I have known little sorrow. My faith has not been shaken by adversity. I have known neither hunger nor thirst, disease nor loss of fortune. My wife was a good woman, my children are affectionate and dutiful, my business is prosperous. I am like Job before Satan asked to try him. What am I, then, that I should boast, or suffer others to boast of me?"

To which Nicholas replied, with fervid eulogy:

"All that I am I owe to you," he said, "as Saul owed all to Samuel. And your lovely daughter, Mr. Haggard, to have known her, to have lived in her company for a little while, is to have held fellowship with angels."

"Nicholas, you must not talk like that. My daughter is a good girl, but she—"

"She has more than common goodness. My sisters are good women, but they are not like Naomi. She is strong and noble, like the women of old; a woman to sacrifice herself for others, to suffer in silence; to do great deeds like the women of old time, like Jael or Judith."

"I would rather she should resemble Ruth or Esther," replied Joshua, smiling at an enthusiasm which betrayed the speaker's secret. "I would rather she should live her simple life, meek, obedient, faithful, domestic, happy herself, and the source of happiness to others."

"We have often talked together of spiritual things, Mr. Haggard, and perhaps Naomi has poured forth her heart more freely to me than she would venture to do to you. Her heart burns within her to do some good and great thing. She would like to go on a foreign mission—to teach the children of the heathen—to carry light into the dark places."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Joshua, contemptuously. "Let her stay at home and mind her own business. That is a woman's mission. Remember what St. Paul says about women."

"St. Paul had not the privilege of knowing Naomi Haggard," said the rapturous Nicholas. "But I will not presume to argue with you, sir; only tell me that she is well and happy."

"She is well, I am thankful to say; and I suppose she is happy. She has no cause for unhappiness."

"The female mind is a delicate thing, Mr. Haggard, and common blessings do not always suffice for its contentment. Has Naomi any thought of settling?"

"You mean getting married?" said Joshua. "No, I think not. We have heard nothing about that yet awhile."

"None but a superior person would suit Naomi."

"I think not; and her only admirer—not an avowed admirer as yet—is a person so far her superior in birth and fortune, that I am doubtful whether I do right in encouraging their acquaintance."

Nicholas Wild's cheek paled at this. He had long ago despaired of winning Naomi for himself, but it was not the less a pang to hear that she was likely to be won by another, and that other a man of higher rank than himself. This gave a keener point to the knife that stabbed him, for Nicholas, though a good fellow, was not large-minded, and was inclined to believe that to be a gentleman by birth and fortune was to belong to the children of Belial.

"It would be hard to find anybody worthy of Naomi," he said, "least of all a pampered idler, with nothing but fine clothes and a fine name to recommend him."

"The young man I speak of has not been very kindly treated by fortune, though birth has made him a gentleman, and he will have a fair estate by and by. You remember young Pentreath, the Squire's son?"

"Remember him? yes; a pale-faced slip of a youth. He comes of a bad race, if all is true that folks say about the old Squire."

"All that folks say of their neighbors rarely is true," replied Joshua. "I dare say the Squire led a wild life in his youth, and I know that he is a hard uncharitable man in his age; but there is no reason his son should resemble him in character any more than he does in looks, and there have seldom been father and son less alike."

Joshua told his disciple about the wreck of the Dolphin, and the friendship that had since arisen between Oswald and the minister's family.

"I have very little reason to suppose that his feeling for Naomi is anything warmer than the friendship he has for the rest of us," concluded Joshua; "but they have been a good deal together, and they seem to have many ideas in common."

"He could not know her and not love her," replied Nicholas, warmly. "How does the Squire take it?"

"You mean does he approve his son's intimacy with me and mine?" said Joshua. "So far as I can discover, he neither approves nor disapproves. He let's his son take his own course in all things, except spending money. His poor sordid soul seems to be so absorbed in the task of scraping together every sixpence he can screw out of the land, that he gives no care or heed to his son's existence. The youth who ran away to sea is not more remote from his father than the son who lives in the same house with him."

Here the conversation ended. They had arrived at the village where Nicholas lived. He had a comfortable lodging of two clean little rooms in a stone cottage set in a square plot of land, chiefly devoted to the growth of potatoes, but beautified by a few rosebushes and a row of tiger lilies on each side of the narrow path leading from the little wooden gate to the cottage door. His landlady had prepared quite a banquet in honor of the minister—a potato pasty and a boiled leg of pork, with cabbage enough for a large family.

Here Joshua lodged for the night. He set out at seven o'clock next morning after a comfortable breakfast on the first stage of his homeward journey. He might have taken the coach at Helston, only nine miles off, but he had made up his mind to walk at least as far as Truro, not always taking the straightest road thither, but taking a peep at various spots that had been dear and familiar to him in those wandering days of his youth, when he had carried the glad tidings from hamlet to hamlet and homestead to homestead, dropping unawares upon sequestered households far from the voices of this world, as if he had been in very truth a heaven-sent messenger.

"I'm afraid you'll find the journey tiring," said Nicholas at parting; "the sun is so hot, and the roads are dusty."

"I love a hot sun, and I must put up with the dust," answered Joshua, cheerily. "It will do my heart good to see the old places and the old faces, and to find that I have not been forgotten."

He shouldered his knapsack, wrung Nicholas's hand for the last time, gave him a hearty blessing, and walked away upon the white high-road with that swinging stride of his, which showed how easy such exercise was to him. It was a glorious summer day—the blue sky without a cloud, the warm earth breathing perfume. This village among the hills—two straggling rows of cottages bordering a broad high-road—seemed to be set upon the apex of this western world. There lay the bright green sea, ever so far below yonder dip in the broad fields, that stretched away to the edge of the cliff. No indication of the rock-bound shore below—the craggy arches and peaks and ragged boulders—was to be seen from here, only cornfields and meadows sloping to the cliff, and in the distance a castellated mansion, rising from the soil, gaunt and lonely, like the castle of Giant Blunderbore.

Never had Joshua Haggard been in a happier frame of mind than on this fair June morning. He loved the sunshine, the soft westerly breeze, which warmed him even more than the sun. It was some hereditary instinct, perhaps, from his Spanish forefathers, some innate love of sunburnt sierras and a torrid sky, that made him so fond of the breathless midsummer weather and the fierce noontide sun. He walked on for a good many miles without a halt, and in this solitary walk fell into meditation upon his family and their prospects. That conversation yesterday afternoon with Nicholas Wild had set him thinking about his daughter and Oswald Pentreath.

He was not an ambitious man, either for himself or for his children. He was not a man who sought for earthly distinctions or set his affections on the things of this world. Yet it pleased him to think that his daughter might be raised in the social scale by marriage with a gentleman and a man who took his rank from the land. In the minds of these country people there is a natural love of the soil which makes landed estate seem to them above all other fortune. A manufacturer with a million would have been a very small man at Combhollow compared with Squire Pentreath, whose race had occupied the land from time immemorial.

"Why should he not choose her for his wife?" argued Joshua. "She is a lady in education and principle. She has the manners of a lady, and beauty that is given to few women, be their rank of the highest. As for fortune—well, I could give her enough to make the marriage no imprudent one for Oswald Pentreath. I must get to understand the state of that young man's feelings. Judith may be right after all. We have been going on too easily, perhaps. I must ascertain the old Squire's sentiments. I will not have my daughter trifled with or slighted."

Having come to this conclusion, Joshua Haggard dismissed the subject. He was too clear-brained and definite to go on revolving his ideas in a mill. There had never yet been confusion or perplexity in his mind upon any subject; no question had ever arisen that he had not been able to grapple with and answer satisfactorily. But then, as he himself said to Nicholas Wild, his life journey had been an easy one. Heretofore Fate had given him no hard riddles to solve. But every man in his time meets the Sphinx, and must answer or die. Joshua's time had not yet come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.

The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by dealers in medicines.

CHEERFULNESS is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength, whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear.

PICKLED BABOON.

Some forty years ago, of a summer afternoon, the ship Governor Endicott, of Salem, Mass., from India, arrived off the port of Salem and was boarded by the pilot boat, with written orders for the captain to proceed to New York with his cargo.

The vessel had several passengers on board, missionaries from India returning home, and after so long a voyage they were anxious to land. So they decided to take passage in the pilot boat for Salem, and with their baggage they arrived at the Lafayette Coffee House, after dark. Their baggage was in the entry of the hotel when a clerk in the Custom House—the one Hawthorne has immortalized in his "Preface to the Scarlet Letter,"—passing through the entry, inquired whose baggage it was? and seeing a cask among the baggage thought he would make a note of it.

The next morning he reported to General Miller, the Collector of Customs, that passengers had landed, with merchandise, etc., without proper notice, and the Collector sent an order to the hotel for the baggage and cask to be sent to the Custom House for examination.

The missionaries, accompanied by the owner of the Gov. Endicott, had taken the first morning stage for Boston, to report their arrival to the Missionary Board. Upon their return at night they received the request to report at the Custom House. Upon the arrival of the baggage and cask at the Custom House the cask was taken into the rear yard, the bung knocked out, a proof glass inserted to find out what kind of liquor it was, in order to fix the duty on it. They all tasted, collector, deputy collector, naval officer, inspector, clerk, and a tribe of hangers on.

They tasted, and drank it plain, with water, with sugar, with crackers, with crackers and cheese, but could not agree what kind of liquor it was. Many bets were made on it, and they finally agreed to leave it to Captain Bill L. and Captain Steve R., both of whom were on duty as Inspectors. On their arrival, at 3 p. m., they tasted, and Capt. L. said he would stake his reputation on it that it was "Old London Dock Brandy," and that "he had not tasted such liquor since Gen. Crowningshield launched Cleopatria's Barge in 1818." Capt. B. declined to name it. He said it had a flavor different from any liquor he had ever tasted.

The next day, when the missionaries arrived at the Custom House, the baggage was passed all right except the cask of liquor, which must pay a duty, and General Miller, in his blandest manner, inquired what kind of spirits was in the cask.

The missionaries then informed him that when they left India they had a pet ourang outang with them for thirty or forty days, when he died; and the captain furnished them with a cask of New England rum to preserve him in. And they had been tasting pickled baboon!

MAGNIFICENT SINGING.

In the ritual churches of Europe, vocal music, and the cultivation of choirs, is carried to greater perfection than anywhere else in the world. The monastery of St. Alexander Nevski (or Nefski), in St. Petersburg, has the celebrated bass singers whom every traveler goes to hear. Members of this chorus are evidently selected for their magnitude of voice with as much care as were King Frederic's grenadiers for the enormity of size.

The singers, some twenty-five, stand in a semi-circle facing the altar, the priest fronting them. They are monks, except a few boys and youths for the higher parts. The young priest rattles off the service in a monotone, until approaching the point where he is to pause, when, in uttering the last few words, he runs up the scale until it strikes the key note for the choristers, when the latter, as with one voice, take up the note, and glide off into the responsive chant, than which nothing more exquisite can be conceived. To say that the voices were grand would be tame praise.

In chanting the chief portion of the *role*, their richness and grandeur of harmony with the other parts, and even in the diminuendoes, are incomparably fine; but when, approaching the close, they swell out into a crescendo, language fails to describe it; the depth, the volume the majesty, the power, it is like the voice of many thunders, breaking on the ear in ponderous peals, and then passing off in a majestic roll.

This having continued for some time, the semi-circle of choristers divides in the middle, and one half marches off on either side chanting, until they reach a screen, behind which they pass, when, as if from a distance, they sing from either side responsively, until, growing fainter and fainter, in sweetest soft harmony it dies away.

NAPOLEON AND THE STONE-CUTTER.

Napoleon, when at the height of his power, being once at Amiens, while traversing the square, in the midst of the acclamations of the inhabitants who had assembled around him, cast his eyes upon the multitude and perceived, in one of the corners of the square, a stone-cutter who had not been induced to quit his work by the curiosity which animated the crowd by whom he was surrounded. The indifference of the man excited the curiosity of Napoleon. He wished to know something about him, and passing through the crowd, urged on his horse until he arrived close to him.

"What are you doing there?" said Napoleon.

The workman raised his eyes and recognized the Emperor.

"I am cutting stone."

"You have served under me," quickly observed the Emperor, who recognized an old soldier.

"It is true, sire."

"You were present at the campaign of Egypt; you were a brigadier in such a corps?"

"Yes, sire."

"Why have you quitted the service?"

"Because I had completed my time and obtained my discharge."

"I am sorry for it; you were a brave man—I shall be happy to do for you anything in my power. Say, what do you require from me?"

"That your majesty will leave me to cut my stone in quiet; my work suffices me; I am in want of nothing."

This fact brings to mind the interview of Diogenes with Alexander; but the modest pride of the Greek philosopher was not equal to the reply of the stone-cutter.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—The latest dictum is, that bridesmaids shall be 6 deep.

—Boston "personal:" There are 508,000 beans in a barrel.

—The membership of Mr. Spurgeon's church numbers 5 813 persons.

—Cucumbers have appeared in Cincinnati. The undertaker's wife has got a new bonnet.

—Nothing can make more of a muss in Washington than a woman—except two women.

—The bitter taste of quinine, colocynth, aloes, quassia, and other bitter medicine, is said to be instantly removed by chewing a piece of liquorice.

—A new evening dress, in Paris, is made to button on the shoulders. It is without sleeves and has armholes open to the waist. This is the latest.

—A telegram from Philadelphia was received in Paris in eleven minutes, and an answer returned within thirty minutes; and this without any previous notification.

—"Max" wants to know how he may break through the conventionality which compels him to leave his girl at half-past ten. Give a minister $4.50, and tell him to put a stop to it.

—It is said that there is not a seaport town in Europe from which a vessel has not already sailed, or is not getting ready to sail, for Philadelphia, freighted with goods for exhibition at the Centennial.

—The bankruptcy of Daniel Drew serves to point the moral that the longer a man remains in Wall Street, the less he is likely to take out of it. At one time Mr. Drew was estimated to be worth from $5,000,000 to $15,000,000.

—Liverpool is the most densely populated town in Great Britain, having 90.1 inhabitants to an acre; Glasgow comes next, with 88.1; then follow Manchester with 83.1; Edinburgh with 50.5; Nottingham with 40.2, and London with 45.7.

—A compositor has calculated that in the course of a year's type-setting the average compositor will put up more than 7,000,000 separate pieces, which, with their distribution, requires more than 15,000,000 motions of the hand.

—The long-expected eruption of Mount Vesuvius has commenced. The lava is flowing toward Pompeii. A large column of vapor rises from the summit, and reflects the fire beneath. Vast quantities of lava are thrown upward, and the sight is magnificent.

—Some years ago the Berlin Museum purchased in Jerusalem, for about twenty-eight thousand thalers, a number of Moabite antiquities, represented to be at least 2,500 years old. It has been discovered that these interesting monuments are not genuine. They are not thought to be so interesting as formerly.

—The New York *Evening Post*, in speaking of the recent meat shower in Kentucky, gives the following as a sample of the weather predictions of the future: "For New England, the Middle States and Lower Lake region, falling barometer, increasing cloudiness, with beef steaks changing to mutton chops in the northern part of these regions during the night."

The New York Young Woman's Christian Association is doing a good work, which might well be introduced everywhere. It has established schools to fit girls to be copyists, bookkeepers, cashiers, telegraph operators, decorative artists, seamstresses, readers, companions or nurses for the sick, etc., and especially interests itself in finding employment.

—The Japanese, along with the other civilized improvements, are anxious to become acquainted with the principles of European Art. A fine Arts University has been founded at Jeddo, and the Government has sent to Italy for three professors to fill the chairs of architectural design, ornamentation, and painting and sculpture combined. They are to be engaged for five years, and will receive salaries at $4,000 per annum.

—The vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, Dr. J. D. Collis, has just issued an appeal on behalf of the restoration of the Church of Holy Trinity. He wants £10,000 to restore the fabric of Shakespeare's Church as Shakespeare saw it, and £4,000 or £5,000 more to fit up the interior properly and in a better fashion than at present. He has hopes that the Freemasons of England, India, Germany and America will undertake the former part of the task as soon as the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, returns from India; the second part of the work, he thinks, might well be left to the public spirit of Stratford and Warwickshire.

THERE is nothing in modern discovery so wonderful and meritorious, as that great labor-saver, Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia). It tells its story on the first trial. Ask you grocer for it.

RECEIPTS.

NEURALGIA.—Great relief from this distressing complaint can be received by taking three or four drops of red lavender in a little water, or on a lump of sugar, two or three times a day.

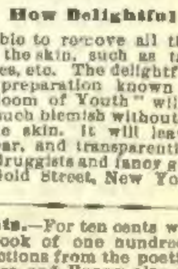
IF you have a lock which has become rusty, pour oil over it, and heat it until the oil boils; in a very short time you will find all difficulty removed. To cut India rubber wet the knife blade.

A SURE cure for pain in a hollow tooth is a mixture of powdered alum and common salt, applied with a lock of cotton wool. A sensation of coldness follows the application, after which the pain gradually subsides.

WHEN it is not convenient to take a lock apart to fit a new key, the key blank should be smoked over a candle, inserted in the keyhole, and pressed firmly against the opposing wards of the lock. The indentations in the smoked portion made by the wards will show where to file.

TO CLEAN LOOKING GLASSES, MIRRORS, ETC.—Wash thoroughly a piece of soft sponge and remove all gritty particles from it, dip it slightly into water, squeeze it out again, and then dip it in some spirits of wine; rub it over the glass, dust it with some powdered blue or whiting sifted through muslin; remove it lightly and quickly with a clean cloth, and finish with a silk handkerchief. If the glass be a large one, clean one-half at a time, otherwise the spirits of wine will dry before it can be removed. If the frames are gilt, the greatest care must be taken to prevent the spirits of wine from touching them. To clean such frames, rub them well with a little dry cotton wool; this will remove all dust and dirt without injury to the gilding. If the frames are varnished, they may be rubbed with the spirits of wine, which will take out all the spots and give the varnish a superior polish.

DRYING PLANTS.—There are so many ways of drying plants that almost every botanist has a plan of his own. The only points to attend to, are to dry specimens quickly, thoroughly, and beneath a pressure that will not crush them. If they are succulent, or apt to cast their leaves, they should be dipped in boiling water previously to being placed under pressure. A good method is to place each specimen within a sheet of brown paper, and to interpose several empty sheets between each that is filled; then to place them in a napkin press, and to press them gently for the first day or two, just enough to prevent the leaves and flowers from shrivelling. When the papers are quite damp, separate them, spread them on the floor of a room where they can become a little dry, and then gather them together, and place them in the press as before, rather increasing the pressure. This operation is repeated daily till the plants are quite dry. A quicker and better but more troublesome way, is to shift the plants daily out of their damp papers into hot and dry ones, immediately pressing them down.



How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

Ten Cents.—For ten cents we will send a beautiful book of one hundred and sixty choice selections from the poetical works of Byron, Moore and Burns; also fifty selected popular songs and other writings. DESMOND & CO., 915 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Saturday Evening Post
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Saturday Evening, April 15, 1876.

NOTICE.

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MISS BLANCHE W. HOWARD.

We have the pleasure of announcing that we have secured as a regular contributor, Miss Blanche W. Howard, the authoress of "One Summer," the most popular American novel of the year.

Miss Howard is now traveling in Europe, and will send us a weekly letter, which all readers of "One Summer" will look forward to with pleasure. We can honestly say that there is not an author or authoress abroad that can write better letters than Miss Howard.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community, which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of poetical wisdom. She said: "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust; but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

Our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty, will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that in a free country, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny.

LIVING IN A SCRAMBLE.

There are people who are never what can be called "straight"—people who seem to have been born in a scramble, who live in a scramble, and who, when the time comes, will die in a scramble, just able to scrawl their signature to a will that ought to have been made years ago, and does not embody their real intentions now. Emphatically the unready, they are never prepared for anything, whether expected or unexpected. They make no plans more stable than good intentions, and they never calculate nor foresee. Everything with them is hurry and confusion, not because they have more to do than other people, but because they do it more loosely and less methodically; because they have not learned the art of dovetailing, or the mystery of packing.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Unfurl your banners, let the joy-bells ring;
All hail the light that heralded the dawn,—
The glorious dawning of our greatness!
Ring, ring the bells, and let the echo run
To every kindred land beneath the sun;
Let all unite, to celebrate the day
When smiling Heaven in kindly mood bestowed
Our own beloved, our own immortal Washington!

Unfurl the stripes, float out the golden stars,
Emblem of more than life,—our liberty.
The priceless boon for which our fathers bled,
And proudly died; on to the conflict led,—
By him, who patriot, statesman, soldier all combined
Now lives, within a nation's heart, enshrined.

We speak his name, and every pulse is thrilled
From very love, our eyes with tears are filled,
Born to be honored,—seeking not renown,
His noble brow disdained to wear a crown.
He needed none, his own great deeds shall be
A living crown through all eternity!
And nations yet unborn, shall honor claim,
To bow their heads, and proudly speak his name.

Our Washington! well may our pulses thrill,
Well may bright eyes, with loving tears o'erfill,
For him who lit Columbia's torch of fame,
Dying, bequeathed her sons his honored name.
* * * * * * * *
But hark! the tocsin sounds throughout the land,
Dismay, and terror reign on every hand,
Fort Sumpter falls, 'mid showers of shot and shell
Blood marks the spot where Sumpter's heroes fell.
Brother meets brother, in the unholy strife;
Each madly strives, to take the other's life;
Columbia mourns,—her proud escutcheon stained,—
Drooping the wreath, her fallen gained.

But joy! above the din of war, is heard,
A clarion voice,—each loyal heart is stirred,
The angel Peace, spreads out her golden wings,
The dove, the olive branch of covenant brings.
The North, and South are bound again as one;
"With charity for all, and malice towards none!"
Brothers again!—hushed is the knell of doom,
Where tumult raged, love's fairest flowers bloom.

Ring, ring the bells, and let the echo run
To every kindred land, beneath the sun,
All honor, to our own immortal dead,
Who, through the darkness, on to victory led,
And while the violets bloom above their graves,
And while the stars and stripes above them waves,
A nation's blessing shall their requiem be,
Who, purchased with their blood, our liberty.

* * * * * * * *
Ring, ring the tidings, Independence Bell!
To all the nations the glad story tell,—
Liberty! Peace! and Union! all combined,
Around our altars sacredly entwined.
While over all, in stately triumph waves
Our noble flag,—to kindly welcome all
To meet as friends, in Independence Hall.
Glory to God! for what our fathers wrought;
Glory to God! for what the years have brought.
O, car of Progress, speed in grandeur on
Throughout the century about to come,
Heaven guard, and keep our country's honor pure
While Earth shall last, and rolling Time, endure.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XIII.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1777.

The American Congress was now involved in serious difficulties, with an exhausted army dependent upon its resources, a depleted treasury, and no means of effecting a loan. In this extremity, embassadors, among whom the most distinguished was Benjamin Franklin, were sent to France to treat with the government and procure aid if possible.

Everywhere they were received with enthusiasm by the people, who warmly sympathized with the Americans in their struggle. Reaching the capital on the 21st of December, a few days before the battle of Trenton, the grave Dr. Franklin, noticeable from his simplicity in dress and manners, was warmly welcomed, and became at once the fashion of the hour at that gay and fickle court.

Louis XVI, though unwilling to openly avow himself their ally, signified that the United Provinces should have nothing to fear from either the French or Spanish governments, these countries being in accord, and united in their animosity against the common enemy, England.

Three vessels laden with military stores were secretly despatched to America, and a large sum of money advanced on tobacco. All this, of course, reached the ears of the British Cabinet, filling them with chagrin. The Colonies were not yet conquered; Lexington, Trenton, and Princeton were facts, as well as Bunker's Hill and Long Island, and would have their influence on the world.

Frederick the Great, after studying the brief history of these early struggles, said:

"This young American general is opening a new chapter in the art of war; England has no match for him."

About this time the illustrious and unfortunate Polish nobleman, Pulaski, came over to join the Continental army, with other foreigners of distinction, among them the young Marquis de Lafayette, who, against the advice of his friends and the command of his king, set sail in the Victory, prepared to carry out his intention of fighting beside George Washington.

A brief *resume* of the situation will show us that Washington had held the greater part of Jersey during the winter of 1777, thus guarding the way to Philadelphia, the evident goal of Howe, who "bided his time" in New York. The Southern portion of Rhode Island had indeed been taken possession of by the enemy, but it proved of no immediate advantage, and served to divert their troops from more important points. By the aid of Massachusetts privateers some British ships had been captured with valuable stores, and Colonel Meigs, at the head of some Connecticut militia, had crossed Long Island Sound to Sag Harbor, destroyed the enemy's stores and vessels, and, after taking a number of prisoners, returned without loss.

With renewed energy the British prepared for the campaigns of 1777, Howe being in command in the south, Burgoyne in the north, and their plan to unite in severing the northeastern States from the southern.

General Burgoyne arrived in Quebec in May, as the country was to be invaded by way of Canada. One of this officer's first moves was to issue a proclamation inviting the Indians in the surrounding country to join his army, a measure justly condemned, in England, by such men as Chatham, Burke, and Fox, who contended that "they were not fit allies for the King in a war with his people."

Down Lake Champlain the British army sailed, investing and capturing Ticonderoga, after which the American troops retreated to Fort Edward.

Flushed with victory, Burgoyne pressed on toward Albany with his savage allies, who every day brought in scalps as well as prisoners, filling all true-hearted men with indignation by their barbarity, which culminated in the murder of a young girl, Jane MacCrea. She, deeming herself under the protection of the British, was scalped by her Indian guides, while on her way to join her lover at their camp at Sandy Hill, the assassin going unpunished, because Burgoyne had learned to fear the swift vengeance of the savage allies whom he had invoked, and dared not now dismiss at will.

Hearing of valuable stores at Bennington, a detachment was sent thither, which was met and defeated by General Stark, with a company of "Green Mountain Boys" and New Hampshire militia. The engagement was a severe one, lasting all day, and the retreat of the enemy only effected under cover of darkness.

After this defeat Burgoyne, with his entire army, moved to Saratoga, whither he was soon followed by General Gates, who succeeded Schuyler in command of the northern army in August.

Two battles were fought, in September and October, 1777, disastrous to the British, who retreated, greatly encumbered by their sick and wounded, their savage allies having proved of small service in a regular engagement.

Benedict Arnold's name was mentioned by Gates in his report to Congress of these battles, and he was soon after promoted. Kosciusko, Lincoln and Morgan were also associated with Gates in these successes, due, Bancroft says, to the courage and love of freedom of the Americans, and to Washington's disinterested and expansive policy which led him to strip his army of his best troops to swell the northern ranks, more than to any masterly generalship on the part of Gates.

While the Continental army was winning laurels in the north, Washington, having received reliable information to the effect that Sir William Howe had embarked from New York with his troops, intent upon attacking Philadelphia from the south, put his army in motion, and, on the 24th of August, treated the whigs in that city to a sight of the brave men who had held the enemy at bay during all these months.

Among the Friends in Philadelphia there was great diversity of action; many, although in sympathy with Washington and Congress, were prevented from taking part in the war by the principles of their society; others, though still adhering to the plain dress and speech, joined the ranks, while a few adventurous spirits, having banded themselves together under a leader named Clayton, rendered efficient service during this campaign, although declining to connect themselves with the main army.

It is said that through Clayton, who in the garb of a Friend penetrated to the British camp, Washington received information regarding the numbers and position of the enemy, who landed at Elkton in Maryland, and under Knyphausen and Cornwallis was marching toward Philadelphia.

Lafayette now joined Washington's army, which in its southward march met the British at Chad's Ford on the Brandywine, where a severe engagement ensued, resulting in the defeat of the Americans, with heavy loss.

The gloom succeeding this reverse was augmented by the fact becoming evident that the army, depleted by its contributions to that of Gates, could no longer defend Philadelphia. Congress removed to Lancaster, Washington retired to Pottsgrove on the Schuylkill, and Cornwallis triumphantly took possession of Philadelphia.

In recounting her recollections of this period, a lady writes: "After the public authorities had left the city it was a very gloomy time indeed, the day of the battle of Brandywine was one of deep anxiety. We heard the firing and knew of the engagement between the armies, without expecting immediate information of the result."

Afterwards, she speaks of a man riding at full speed down Chestnut street to tell the news of the battle, and of Lafayette, who had fought so bravely, being wounded.

Cornwallis being securely quartered in Philadelphia, Howe was desirous of joining him, and from thence effecting a junction with Burgoyne, hardly pressed at Saratoga. This coalition Washington was, of course, anxious to prevent, as upon that hitherto successful campaign the hopes of the nation were centered. He, accordingly, threw every obstacle in the way of Howe's march from Valley Forge, and in pursuance of this policy, and knowing that a victory over the British army separated as it was from its naval force would be most disastrous, determined to risk an engagement.

Howe had succeeded in advancing as far as Mount Airy and Germantown, where his troops were encamped, when the battle began. Washington's plan was to attack both wings of the British army simultaneously, entrusting to General Greene the attack on the left, while he led that on the right in person.

All was well planned, the surprise of the enemy complete, Howe being aroused from sleep by the firing, and the Americans at first successful; but Colonel Musgrave, who with six companies of the Fortieth regiment, had taken his position about the old Chew Mansion, poured upon them so deadly a fire as to effectually separate the two bodies of the Continental army. Being surrounded by Sullivan and Wayne, he withdrew into the house, barricading the windows and doors; with its substantial stone walls, and bristling with muskets, this old house formed a strong intrenchment.

Washington called upon Musgrave to surrender; but the officer who carried the white flag was shot down. Those who attempted to set fire to the building were unsuccessful; the cannon were too light to breach the walls; and finally, leaving one regiment to watch the house, Washington advanced to the front of the battle where he remained to the end.

The conflict was a fierce one, both armies fighting bravely; but Greene failed to bring his troops to the attack of the left wing at the important moment; in the fog the Americans failed to distinguish their own men; the troops from Philadelphia, where Cornwallis had been aroused by the firing, were at hand, and feeling that defeat was inevitable, Washington, reluctantly, gave the command to retreat, which was obeyed quietly and in order.

Although the battle of Germantown left the British in undisputed possession of Philadelphia, the navigation of the Delaware was not yet open to them, as Forts Mercer and Mifflin still guarded the river. In October these forts were besieged, and, after a brave resistance, abandoned to the enemy.

The gloom that settled over the land, after these defeats, was considerably dispelled by the joyful tidings of the surrender of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, October 17th, 1777. This event inspired the army with renewed hope, and enabled Dr. Franklin to conclude the long desired treaty with France.

English commissioners were now sent over to conciliate the Americans; but the cause in whose service the noblest in the land had pledged their "lives and sacred honor" was not to be lightly set aside, and although the position of Washington's army was not encouraging, and her chief city in the hands of the enemy, Congress signified its intention of continuing the struggle until a peace could be concluded consistent with the dignity of the Republic.

CENTENNIALIS SENTENTIÆ.

BY W. R. BIERLY.

NUMBER I.

Thoughts of the Centennial! Theme fit for pen of diamond, dipped in golden font! Who may venture to unroll the record of the century going out, and arrange before us the personages and circumstances, the emotions and achievements treasured there? None but the historian, patient of every vicissitude and solicitous of every fact, can aspire to labors so noble. The lofty subject will not lack the devotion of myriads of tongues and pens, whilst the painters will spare neither color nor ideality to reproduce the glories of freedom won and grown to giant manhood.

Let me take a humbler sphere. Let mine be the task of inditing the common thoughts on common topics that grow out of the high and broad theme. Let me converse with the aged fathers, on whose tongues tremble accents of varied emotions, and read their time-tinged and well-worn volumes, from which I may extract the unvarnished history of their struggles and triumphs. We shall not wander far away from home.

We are in Pennsylvania, where INDEPENDENCE was born, where it was protected in its infancy and cherished in maturity. Here will we find food for our thinking—achievements and heroes worthy of being borne down the historical stream in barks more splendid than that in which, to enchanting music, Cleopatra floated to the captivation of Antony.

No Commonwealth beneath the sun has—or ever had—a grander record than Pennsylvania. Of her arms and heroes, a nobler song may be sung than old Æneas ever merited from the muse of Virgil. She has had neither an Achilles nor a Hector, but she had a Mifflin and a Wayne. Neither Ajax nor Leucer fought for her, but a Brady and a Grove, in their hunts for Indian chieftains, did greater service in a better cause.

The rush of the Irish brigade "On Fontenoy! On Fontenoy!" has no higher claim to poetic immortalization than Wayne's "revenge," at Germantown. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which was the stolid, criminal blunder of Lord Cardigan, and a bloody failure, is insignificant when compared with the charge of the Pennsylvania line upon Cornwallis' whole army in battle array, at Jamestown, Virginia.

But a truce to this. Will not the reader ask: "Have we, then, been slighted?" Let this year answer.

Turn we now, to search for the accounts which our patriotic ancestors left us, that we might know on such an occasion as this, what Independence cost, as well as how to enjoy its rewards.

We may well believe that New Year's Day, in 1776, was one of great stir and anxiety in America, and nowhere greater than in Pennsylvania, whose constitution was the most liberal of all the Colonies and whose people were most alive to invasions of their chartered rights. At this time, the needs of the American army at Boston, and of the detachments in the Northern Department, were promptly supplied from the store-houses of Pennsylvania. The exertions of the Council of Safety, which had been organized at the beginning of the troubles with Britain, were unremitting in the work of gathering supplies encouraging the building of powder-mills and gun factories, and the organization of military associations. In every county, the agents of the Council were at work, enrolling able-bodied men and strong boys, taking lists of arms, and assessing those persons who were opposed to war on the ground of scruples of conscience. This was the business that ushered in the '76 of a century ago.

The men and youths were training, from Lewistown to the West Branch, from Bristol to Pittsburg, and when the "New Year" received his salute, it was from rifles which would fire many a death-shot before another New Year's day would come. How many, too, of these strong men would fall on Long Island and Hudson's shores in a few short months!

How busy, then, were the colonels and their lieutenants, mustering their home-spun rigged battalions for the long marches "off to Boston" and to Canada! Anthony Wayne, John Shee, Robert Magaw, Arthur St. Clair, John Cadwallader, Daniel Brodhead, Francis Johnson, William Allen, Joseph Penrose, John Ball, Edward Hand, Lambert Cadwallader, Dickinson, McKean, Atlee, and Hazlitt—these are the names of the soldiers who were then furnishing their brave men arms, ammunition, and accoutrements at the barracks in Philadelphia, preparatory to the spring campaign. There, too, was Colonel Proctor, with his artillery company, ready to defend the harbor, which was soon to be covered with a little squadron—Philadelphia's own.

The vigilance of the patriots of that day and the promptness with which they executed their designs, are features of their many varied duties, which we may well pause to admire. A prominent example of these qualities was furnished in the swift suppression of Dr. Connolly's sedition at Fort Pitt, about the first of January, 1776.

The Doctor was a protege of Lord Dunmore, the loyal governor of Virginia, and had been sent up to Fort Pitt to erect a new county under the "Old Dominion," and hold it, notwithstanding the fact that the land was unquestionably within the Penn charter. For years, scenes of violence had been enacted on this Western frontier, because of the conflict of authority. Governor John Penn had remonstrated and proclaimed in vain, against the unwarrantable intrusion. Arrests were made, and evil-doers imprisoned, but the jails were broken open, the prisoners released, and the jailors, in turn, cast into prison. Thus turbulent were affairs in the West, when the war cloud burst upon the colonies.

Dr. Connolly, true to his avaricious patron, Dunmore, espoused the British cause, entered into a league with the British agents in the North West, and was on the point of bringing forth a dangerous conspiracy against Pennsylvania. In good time, however, the Council of Safety learned of his designs and no harmless proclamations were allowed to trouble him; but by the third of January, the Doctor, Andrew Cameron, and others of the gang were lodged in the Philadelphia jail, where they remained secure for many months. These prisoners, at one time, made a desperate effort to escape, but the guard was promptly doubled, and thenceforth the Doctor satisfied himself with writing plaintive and highly-ornamented letters to the President of the Council. The Council's movements were speedy and sure.

Not less active and provident were the noble women of this period. All the long evenings of December and January, they sat by their spinning wheels and looms, manufacturing those linen hunting-shirts by which the Pennsylvania riflemen were known on the fields of battle. With their own hands they knit and sewed soldiers' clothes, by the light of a chimney log-fire, or the dim flame of an old-fashioned fat-lamp, hanging from the ceiling by a linen string. These were the matrons, who lived in the valleys and dells whence issued the best warriors—men who could hit a seven-inch mark at two hundred and fifty yards, whilst running, and bound over fences and ditches like deer. These toiling women of January, 1776, were the mothers, wives, or sisters of the fringe-frocked marksmen who drove the savages in terror, out of Burgoyne's camp and, under the swords of Arnold and Morgan, thinned the British squares at Saratoga, and who, in the orchard at Monmouth, mowed down the grenadiers of Moncton, and won the day.

The women of 1776 were heroines, especially those who were left by their stronger relatives to defend the borders, with such aid as the old men and boys could give. The world has not ceased to applaud the valorous spirit of that ancient matron who gave her son the shield, saying that he should return "with it or upon it." But our frontier women not only gave their sons the shield, telling them to do mighty battle, but knowing that some must fall, they sent along the bandages to stay life's current, which once had throbbed in their own hearts; and then they resolutely turned their humble log dwellings into fortresses, which they defended with rusty shot-guns and axes, against the attacks of savage foes. The women of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the Susquehanna, in 1776, had their history been but half written, would stand with the most heroic of any age.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A most thrilling reminiscence of the American Revolution is related of Gen. Muhlenberg, whose ashes repose in the old Trappe Church, Montgomery county, Virginia.

When the war broke out, Muhlenberg was a rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Dunmore county. On a Sunday morning he administered the communion of the Lord's Supper to his charge, stating that in the afternoon of that day he would preach a sermon on "The duties men owe to their country." At the appointed time the building was crowded with anxious listeners. The discourse was founded on a text from Solomon, "There is a time for every purpose and for every work." The sermon burned with patriotic fire; every sentence and intonation told the speaker's deep earnestness in what he was saying. Pausing a moment at the close of his discourse, he repeated the words of the text, and then, in tones of thunder, exclaimed: "The time to preach is past; the time to fight has come!" and suiting the action to the word he threw from his shoulders his robes, and stood before the congregation in military uniform. Drumming for recruits was commenced on the spot, and it is said that almost every male of a suitable age in the congregation enlisted forthwith.

ATTIC SALT.

Thackeray, on sitting down to one of Delmonico's consummate spreads, exclaimed, "Now, boys, don't let us say a word." This showed, undoubtedly, a nice appreciation of the good things before him, and a general sense of the requirements for the satisfactory disposition of a choice feast. Though serious discourse of any kind, involving the wrangle of argument or the tediousness of long narrative and stolid sermonizing, should be banished from the table and be relegated to the political hall, the bar, the newspaper-office, and the pulpit, whence they usually come, entire silence while eating is by no means desirable. "Chatted food," says the old proverb, "is half digested," and there is no doubt that quiet and agreeable conversation at meals increases enjoyment and facilitates digestion. The crisp remark, the brisk banter, the tart gossip, the spicy anecdote, the sparkling wit and bubbling humor, when served up in the intervals between the various courses of a meal, have all the exhilarating effect of wine without its dangers, prevent dull pauses, and sustain that lively flow of the animal spirits so favorable to the due performance of every function, especially that of the stomach and its associated organs. The intrusion, however, of serious discourse and topics of business requiring deep thought and awakening grave reflections or anxious emotion is fatal to good digestion.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST still continues to be interesting. A new and highly entertaining story just commenced entitled "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," written by Miss M. E. Braddon. But if you want a good hearty laugh, read "Softboy Papers" in the POST. Besides the interesting continued stories, it contains a variety of other reading matter. —*Kanawha Chronicle, Charleston, West Virginia, March* 15, 1876.

MEN and statues that are admired in an elevated situation, have a very different effect upon us when we approach them; the first appears less than we imagined them, the last bigger.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY will send to the Exhibition delegations, dressed in the war uniform, from all her regiments that served in the late civil strife.

THE steamship Scotia, of the Cunard line, has been chartered by a number of English noblemen, who, with their families, expect to reach Philadelphia about the middle of June.

THE Maryland Centennial Commissioners are having prepared an elegant and elaborate copy of the Declaration of Independence, which they will deposit in Memorial Hall.

THE boating men of Pittsburg appear determined to be well represented among the four-oar crews at the Centennial regatta. Four clubs of that city and its vicinity have already selected crews.

THE original draft of the Declaration of Independence will be placed in the Government Building, at Fairmount Park, during the Centennial. An iron safe has been prepared for its reception.

THE Centennial authorities have established a Bureau of Information for the collection and contribution to the press of news relating to the Exhibition. This department is under the charge of M. S. Lobo, formerly of the *Day*.

HIS Holiness the Pope will exhibit the following, which have been made in the workshop of the Vatican at Rome: Mosaic, after Raffaelle, of a Madonna; mosaic, after Sassoferrata, of a Madonna; vases of flowers, in mosaic. He will also send a piece of tapestry by Signor Gentili, of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.

A HANDSOME thing will be a stained window, 18 feet high and 8 wide, in one of the reception rooms in the north section of Memorial Hall. It will bear representations of the Discovery of America, Washington crossing the Delaware, and the Emancipation, and in the side panels will be figures of sculpture and painting.

IN order to provide for any cases of accident or sudden sickness which may occur among the large number of persons who will visit the Exposition, a suitable building is now being erected, to be known as the office of the Medical Bureau, where every facility will be provided for the immediate gratuitous relief of any such cases. A staff of medical officers has been organized, at least one of whom will be on duty at all times when the Centennial Exposition is open.

THE Society of California Pioneers are about to erect on the Exhibition grounds a "Pacific Coast Centennial Hall," designed as a place of resort and shelter for the visitors from that coast to the Centennial. It will be of one story, 118 by 55 feet, with an elevation of 32 feet and a central dome 44 feet high. It will contain a large hall 45 feet wide, a circular assembly room 26 feet in diameter, and office and private rooms, including a post office and registry.

A FINE structure is being erected by the State of Indiana for the accommodation of the Centennial Board of that State, and all citizens of that Commonwealth who may visit the Exhibition. The building is under roof, and is readily seen from its commanding position. The roof is arched, and above it are skylights. Around the entire pavilion there is a verandah with an ornamental railing. It is unlike any other building upon the grounds though in keeping with the tasteful appearance of all the other buildings.

THE Ohio building will probably be one of the most substantially constructed of all the State structures. The citizens of the State are taking a great interest in its construction and from all parts of the Buckeye Commonwealth stone has been contributed. Hence, in order to have a specimen of all the quarries enter into the erection of the structure the stone will be laid in courses, each course being a different kind. The building is well under way, and as the material is upon the ground but little time will be required for its completion.

THE Centennial Legion, which is to parade on next Fourth of July as the escort of President Grant, is composed of the following companies—one from each of the Old Thirteen: Amoskeag Veterans, N. H.; Boston Light Infantry, Mass.; First Light Infantry, R. I.; New Haven Grays, Conn.; Old Guard, N. Y.; Phil Kearney Guard, N. J.; State Fencibles, Pa.; American Rifles, Del.; Fifth Maryland Infantry, Md.; Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, Va.; Fayetteville Rifles, N. C.; Washington Light Infantry, S. C.; and the Clinch Rifles, Ga. Each will wear its own uniform and carry the flag of its own State.

THE Park Commission has agreed to set aside tracts of land between Belmont and Chamount, in the West Park, and near the reservoir, in the East Park, for the encampment of the military. The ground will be under the charge of a quartermaster general appointed by Governor Hartranft. It is believed that but little damage will result to the Park. Some shrubbery and saplings will have to be removed, but they can be replaced at a comparatively small expense. The troops will be compelled to comply with regulations made by the Park Commission for the government of the grounds.

THE arrangements for the quartering in this city of the Centennial Legion, which is to be divided into three battalions and to be composed of troops from the thirteen original States, have been perfected. Eight hundred men will be housed in Horticultural Hall, and one battalion each in the Assembly Buildings and Musical Fund Hall. The Legion will constitute the body guard of the President during the Centennial. The troops will be fed in these halls by the quartermasters attached to each organization. General Burnside will command the battalion from the East, General Fitz Hugh Lee the battalion from the South, and General Hancock the battalion from the Middle States.

DR. A. W. WASHINGTON, grandnephew of General George Washington, the nearest living relative to the Father of his Country, and a resident of Denison, Texas, shipped a box containing the following articles for exhibition at the Centennial: General Washington's court suit of brown silk, supposed to be the suit in which he was inaugurated. Ivory seal, set in gold, presented to Washington by General Lafayette. Sword presented to Washington by General Darke, the famous Indian fighter, before the Revolution. Knee and shoe buckles, and, most valuable of all, twelve autograph letters from General Washington to his brother Samuel, dated between 1772 and 1780, some from Mount Vernon and some from the field, and all giving Washington's private views of the war then waging.

THE New Jersey Pavilion occupies one of the most prominent positions within the enclosure. It is just beyond the Women's Building, and opposite the United States Post Hospital. It is one of the most singular-looking structures in the Park, and attracts the attention of many persons who have never seen such an edifice. In the early days of the State such cottages were erected, and the idea of those interested was to give the visitors an idea of the style of architecture that then prevailed. It is two stories in height, the roof being peaked and bisected and covered with red-clay tiles. At the northeast corner of the structure a tower or observatory rises to a considerable height, and this is likewise covered with the same kind of tile. At the main entrance there is a porch, which is covered and in keeping with the general appearance of the building.

THE programme for the opening ceremonies is in course of preparation. The platform will be erected midway between Memorial Hall and the grand northern entrance of the Main Exhibition Building. The proceedings will commence with a chorale by a large amateur choir, to be followed by prayer. There will be a cantata by an American composer, with a bass solo for a well-known Philadelphia singer, and a march composed for the occasion by Richard Wagner, will be performed by the orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Herr Wagner has been paid $5,000 for this march. General Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, will then make a brief address to the President of the United States, General Grant, during which he will rehearse the prominent facts connected with the occasion, and will engage him to formally open the buildings. After the President has made a reply to General Hawley they will descend the platform, arm in arm, followed by the guests, and will enter the Main Building. They will then pass half way down to the eastern end, recognizing France and the United States, which occupy that quarter, and then, retracing their steps, will traverse the nave to the western end, and emerging at that point will cross the flowers and asphalt of the intervening square and enter the Machinery Hall, where the official part of the business will terminate. The cortege will then disband. The cannon and other firearms will be discharged at the moment that the President leaves the platform, and all the chimes will commence ringing. All the steam whistles in the Machinery Hall will be set going, and also all other ear piercing and noise creating agencies within the compass of the Philadelphian patriot. The cards of invitation have been designed by Drake, of this city, and are now being engraved. They are rather large, double sheets, similar to those used in fashionable society. At the top is a shield, shapedsomething like a shell, and on each side is the legend, 1776-1876. On the shield is the inscription, "The Centennial Year of the United States of America."

THE TRUE STORY OF A

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

PRELUDE.

I.

FAIRY GLAMOUR SNAPS HER FINGERS.

What boy or girl has not heard of "The *Song* of Sixpence?" But then, again, what man, woman, or child has ever heard its *story?* Now, that story I mean to tell you.

Dear, old, familiar Song of Sixpence! It was begun by King Crotchet, taken up by Chickabiddy, carried on by Prince Semiquaver, and brought to a triumphant finale by Princess Fretilla. To say nothing of the good and bad fairies who had a considerable finger in the pie, or, I should rather say, in the execution.

Prince Semiquaver was the youngest son of King Crotchet the Ninety-ninth, and having three-and-twenty elder brothers, was very far from being an heir apparent. As for Princess Fretilla, she had neither sisters nor brothers, father nor mother, but was simply the ward of King Crotchet, the aforesaid. Prince Semiquaver was seven years old; Princess Fretilla not quite so stricken in years, being fully six months younger. It was, therefore, quite a matter of course that they should love one another to distraction, and live but to be united. Fairy Glamour, however, suddenly stepped upon the scene and marred their innocent little arrangements.

And who was Fairy Glamour, if you please? Who, but the evil genius of Crotchet Land. And a desperately wicked witch, in her own right, she was, I can tell you. She had many names. As Marplot or Mischief, she dabbled in politics, and set private families at loggerheads. As Glamour, or False Seeming, she led the leaders of Fashion, and was great in the brilliant circles of shoddy. Finally, as Swindle, or Counterfeit, she was very popular on 'Change, ruled supreme in the Treasury Department, and even sent Representatives to—well, to Sing Sing.

They had a Sing Sing in Crotchet Land.

As you see, this good lady was very powerful in the land. She had an opponent though—the Fairy Sterling Worth. But as the latter was of a retiring disposition, never flaunted about in showy apparel, but rather shunned the busier haunts of men; she was overlooked by the vulgar, and quite thrown into the shade by her rival, Glamour or False Seeming. Yet was she good genius of Crotchet Land, for all that, and to those who really recognized her, she shone out a lady of surpassing beauty, and carried your admiration by storm. Not so the Fairy Glamour. Had *she* allowed her admirers to escort her home, which she was far too cunning ever to do, they would have seen her rare apparel turn to rags, her jewels to bottle-glass, and herself to a hideous old hag.

Fairy Worth and Fairy Glamour had had a quarrel—one of many—and this was it. Fairy Worth had declared that Prince Semiquaver should ever be the object of her fostering care. At this, Fairy Glamour had fired up, nobody knows why, perhaps for the sake of contradiction, and had sworn that she would have him ere the year was out; she had sworn it, and added emphasis to her oath by snapping her fingers in Sterling Worth's countenance.

"But I have a hold upon his deary, his lady, the Rose, as he calls her. Her love of mischief, and that positive little will of hers will make her my easy prey, and then, when I have her safe in my clutches, look out for your Phœnix, or rather your nightingale. I'll have a rap at his daddy, too; let him look out for his treasures, and remember Tom Tiddler's Ground, and also, what sort of things go there. I mean to have a shy at the whole kit of them; see if I don't!"

Then Fairy Glamour had laughed and snapped her fingers again, and danced away.

As you see, when there was no one near she wished to captivate, the amiable lady could be as vulgar as you please.

II.

GREEN, AND GOLD, AND GLITTER.

It was a lovely summer's evening, and the countless windows of Castle Crotchet, reflecting the rays of the setting sun, sparkled with a thousand gems. Seated on a fallen tree on the border of the adjoining forest, were two lovely children, a boy and a girl. The girl's head lay on the boy's shoulder, and her half-opened eyes rested dreamily on the fairy-like vista of wood, and hill, and waterfall beyond. The boy, with his arm around her waist, had been singing a childish lullaby, when all at once she raised her head from his shoulder.

"Oh, Semiquaver," said she, "don't you see, far, far away yonder, a lady with a mantle of green, a scarf of gold, and a wreath of diamonds?"

"No, my dear, but I see the green wood waving, the golden sunlight glinting, and the waterfall sparkling."

"There she goes again! there she goes again!" cried the little girl, more excited than ever. "Her mantle of green is waving in the wind; she beckons me with her golden scarf; she holds out to me her wreath of diamonds!"

"Hush, hush, Fretilla! 'Tis but the green wood waving, the golden sunlight glinting, the waterfall sparkling."

"No, sir; it is nothing of the kind. Let me go, Semiquaver. Don't you see she is calling me? Let me go!"

"Dear Fretilla, what has come over you? You are not like yourself; your eyes are wildly staring; your teeth are set. I never saw you thus before."

"And you never shall see me again, if you don't let me go."

And with one desperate effort the girl wrenched herself from his grasp and fled into the forest.

The violence of her action in escaping had thrown her companion to the ground, where he lay stunned and bleeding. Not long; for almost on the instant appeared a beautiful lady with a diamond star on her forehead, and in her hand a wand of ivory tipped with gold. She stooped down, took the unconscious boy in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and turned towards Castle Crotchet.

When the boy recovered his consciousness, he was safe at home, but all the events of his former life, from first to last, had faded away from his memory.

And thus it was that Princess Fretilla passed away from the life of Prince Semiquaver.

III.

WORTH FLICKERS, GROWS DIM, AND DISAPPEARS, AND A BATTERED OLD SIXPENCE TURNS UP.

Five years have passed since Fairy Glamour threatened mischief to little Semiquaver, yet that young gentleman is doing as well as can be expected, and bids fair to deserve the protection of Fairy Worth.

It is a howling winter's evening in the haunted Vale of Grumbleton, but then it always is howling winter weather there. In her dismal tower, Glamour sits rocking herself dismally before a dismal fire. She is hideous and in rags, but on her wrinkled forehead she wears the semblance of a star, and her trembling hand clutches a wand of ebony. A light touch on her shoulder has made her start to her feet. She turns around and beholds a lady "beautiful exceedingly." This lady also has a star on her forehead and a wand in her hand, but the star emulates the diamond, and the wand is ivory, tipped with gold.

"You here!" cries Fairy Glamour.

"I should have been here before; you have broken our compact," replied the beautiful lady, looking scornfully at her opponent.

"I have done no more than you might have done yourself," said Glamour. Her tone was defiant, but she spoke with averted eyes, for in the degradation of her home aspect, she might not look Sterling Worth in the face.

"When we first contended for the prize at Castle Crotchet, we agreed not to employ our supernatural influence to win it, nor to set foot within the Castle, but to allow the fame of each of us to reach Semiquaver by hearsay, by the books he read, by the events that occurred in the every day world about him and in which we played our respective parts, and thus to see to which his heart would most incline. Now, what have you done? You have kept away from the castle, it is true, but you have installed there that pernicious little minx, your niece——"

"Meaning Chickabiddy?" sneered Glamour.

"The same. You have made her an inmate of the castle, and endowed her with all your wicked powers—poor wretch—to be exercised on those around her."

"You and I are enemies, you know," grinned Glamour, "and all means are fair in war."

"Be that your motto. Mine is that Worth is mightier than Seeming. I'll prove it. For that came I hither! You shall learn that Worth, even when hidden, oppressed, disguised under the lowliest appearance, triumphs over you in the end. You would snatch from me the object I cherish most on earth. Take care that, even after relinquishing all my advantages, as I intend to do, I do not deprive *you* of what you hold dearest. To prove my words, behold, I break my wand of power," and the beautiful lady snapped her wand in two. "I hide my lustre from the common eye;" she passed her hand across her brow, and the star that glittered there, flickered, grew dim, and disappeared. "As for my person," continued the lady, "I yield it into your hands, to be converted into the likeness of any disregarded thing, not utterly *worthless*, you may desire; so long as a single particle of me—of Worth—remains in it, I defy you. Thus, bound hand and foot—as you may think—I give myself to you."

"And what am I to do in return?" asked Glamour.

"This, and nothing more. When you have done your worst upon me, place me under the same roof as Chickabiddy, with this understanding—that she and I may oppose each other as much as we please, but that *the moment the one borrows the help of the other, she shall be considered vanquished and lose her power.*"

"Well, my dear," replied Glamour, subsiding into a hypocritical whine, "since you desire it, and I really am anxious to know the extent of your power, which I don't doubt—oh, dear, no—I will put a *lestle* spell upon you. I throw my mantle over you; when I remove it, be you what I now wish you to be."

With these words the old hag threw her ample cloak over the beautiful lady. It enveloped her from head to foot, and beneath its folds she seemed to sink, and sink, and sink, until, at last, the mantle lay perfectly flat upon the ground.

Now, had you lived in those wonderful times, and been able and bold enough to peep through some chink of the haunted Tower of Grumbleton a few minutes afterwards, you might have seen old Mother Glamour rocking herself thoughtfully to and fro in her chair, and idly trifling with a dingy little object that, by the fitful fire-light, looked uncommonly like a battered old SIXPENCE.

END OF THE PRELUDE.

ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

You were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a brighter one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better this is than to have a great fist.

LABOR conquers all things. Everything that we do must have a certain amount of labor expended on it to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear; however difficult it may seem to be, remember, if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success.

DREAMERY.

I pity him whose heart in sorrow holding
The memory of lost love to be a pain,
Denies his hunger, martyr-like enfolding
As buried loss what rather should be gain.

For me it is a joy to live anew
The days when fortune seemed a willing slave;
To change the evening's for the morning's dew,
And strew the flowers of old on passion's grave.

For me it is a pleasure, lonely often,
To see with eyes half-closed and dim with tears
The pictured past, in tints that warm and soften,
Shine clear across the intervening years.

To feel the hands that other cares have known
With sweetest touch bestow their fond caressing,
And have my lips in dreamful undertone
Pour forth upon those hands a real blessing.

To feel in tender trances, self deceiving
Her kisses rain upon my upturned brow,
And stretch my arms, my own deceit believing—
To seize the Then, and hold its treasures Now.

To know that in such hours, the best returning
Of all I had to give of trust and truth,
Stirs in my heart, and sanctifies its yearning
To chant a withered life with dreams of youth.

And so as when in sleep our dead appearing
We wake with clearer hope, and tempered grief,
The past but dearer for the future nearing,
The spring betokened by the rustling leaf.

So I, my vision ended, bless the dreaming
That keeps my perished hope a living thing,
And rise in prayer and faith beyond this seeming
To seek the eternal love, with tireless wing.

THE WORDS TOLD HOME. HER BLANCHED FACE HAD A GREAT TERROR DAWNING ON IT.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

It was one o'clock in the morning before Karl Wynne quitted his mother's room. His face seemed to have aged years. Any amount of perplexity he could have borne for himself, and borne it calmly; but he did not know how to grapple with this. For what had been disclosed to him ought to do away with his marriage.

He did not attempt to go to bed. The whole of the rest of the night he paced his room, grievously tormented as to what course he should take. He knew that in honor he was bound to disclose the truth to Colonel Cleeve and Lucy; but this might not be. Not only was he debarred by his oath; but the facts themselves did not admit of disclosure. In the confusion of his mind he said to his mother, "May I not give a hint of this to Lucy Cleeve, and let her then take me or leave me?" and Mrs. Wynne had replied by demanding whether he was mad. In truth, it would have been nothing short of madness.

What to do? what to do? In dire distress Karl Wynne strode the carpet as he asked it. He might make some other excuse, if indeed he could invent one, and write to break off the marriage—for, break it off to their faces he could not. But, what would be the effect on Lucy? Colonel Cleeve had not concealed that they gave her to him to save her life. Were he to abandon her in this cowardly and heartless manner, now at the eleventh hour, when they were literally preparing the meats for the breakfast table, when Lucy's wedding robe and wreath were spread out ready to be worn, it might throw her back again to worse than before, and verily and indeed kill her. It was a dilemma that has rarely fallen on man. Karl Wynne was as honest and honorable a man as any in this world, and he could see no way out of it. He might not impart to them so much as a hint of the dreadful secret; neither could he inflict the stab that might cost Lucy's life: on the other hand, to make Lucy his wife, knowing what he knew, would be dishonor unutterable. What was he to do? What was he to do? There was absolutely no loophole of escape, no way out of it.

Will it be believed that Karl Wynne knelt down and prayed? Man, careless, worldly man, rarely does these things. He did. In his dire distress he prayed to be guided to the right. But all the uncertainty came back as he rose up again, and he could not see his course at all. Very shortly Hewitt knocked at his door; saying it was time for Sir Karl to get up, if he would catch the passing train. When Sir Karl came forth Hewitt thought how very quickly he had dressed.

Delayed a tide by the non-controllable winds and waves, Sir Karl reached Paris only on the evening of the eleventh. He drove at once from the station to the Avenue d'Antin, and asked to see Lucy in private. Torn by conflicting interests he had at length resolved to sacrifice his own sense of honor to Lucy's life. At least, if she should not decide against it.

She was looking radiant. She told him (in a jest) that they had considered him lost, that all had prophesied he had decamped and deserted her. Sir Karl's smile in answer to this was so faint, his few words so spiritless and subdued, that Lucy, a little sobered, asked whether anything was the matter. They were standing on the hearth-rug: Karl a few steps apart from her.

"What should you say if I had deserted you, Lucy?"

"I should just have said Bon voyage, monsieur," she answered gayly, never believing the question had a meaning.

"Lucy, my dear, this is no time for jesting. I have come back with a great care upon me. It is a fact, believe it or not as you will, that I had at one time determined to desert you: to write and give you up."

There was no immediate answer, and Karl turned his eyes on her. The words told home. Her blanched face had a great terror dawning on it.

"Sit down, Lucy, while you listen to me," he said, placing her in a chair. "I must disclose somewhat of this to you, but it cannot be much."

It was a most arduous task, from the difficulties that surrounded it. A great and unexpected misfortune had fallen upon him, he said; one that from its nature he might not further allude to. It would take away a good deal of his substance; it ought in short to debar his marriage with her. He went on to tell of the conflict he had passed through, whether he should quit her or not, and of his final resolve to disclose so much to her, and to leave with her the decision. If she decided against him, he would invent some other plea to Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve for breaking off the marriage; or let the act appear to come from her, as she should will. If she decided for him, why then——

"Tell me one thing, Karl," she said, as he broke down. "Has this matter had its rise in any dishonor or ill-doing of yours?"

"No," was the emphatic rejoinder. "I am as innocent in it and until a day or two ago was as unconscious of it as you can be. You need not fear that, Lucy."

"Then you need not have doubted me, Karl," she said, the tears rising to her eyes with the intensity of her relief. "It was cruel of you to think of a separation now. I am yours."

"Lucy, look fully into the future. At least as fully as these indefinite words of mine will admit of. I hope—I trust—that no further complication may come of it; that it may never be known to the world. But it may, and probably will be otherwise. A great calamity may fall upon us; in the world's eyes we should both be dishonored; I through others, you through me."

"I am yours; yours for all time."

"Very well, Lucy. So be it. But, my darling, if that blow should fall, you may repent of your marriage with me. I know your parents would."

"Hush, Karl!" she whispered, rising from her seat to the arms opened to receive her. "*I* repent? That can never be. My dearest friend, my almost husband, I am yours for weal or for woe. Have you forgotten the vows I shall take to you to-morrow in the sight of God? For richer for poorer, for better for worse."

"God bless you, Lucy! May God bless and protect us both."

And as Sir Karl held her to him, his frame shook with its own emotion, and a scalding tear fell on her face from an aching heart.

* * * * * *

The second week in March, just as nearly as possible a month after the marriage, Sir Karl Wynne received at Florence, where he and his wife were staying, a telegram from Hewitt at Foxwood. It stated that Mrs. Wynne was ill with some kind of fever; it had taken a dangerous turn, and her life might be a question of a few hours.

As quickly as it was practicable for them to travel, Sir Karl and Lady Wynne reached Paris. Mrs. Cleeve and Miss Blake were still there; the Colonel was in London. They had let their house at Winchester, and could not yet get back to it. Sir Karl left Lucy with her mother: not daring, as he said, to take her on to Foxwood, lest the fever should be infectious. The change in Lucy was wonderful: her cheeks were plump and rosy, her eyes told their own unmistakable tale of happiness. Mrs. Cleeve could do nothing but look at her.

"We did well to give her to him," said she to Theresa.

"Oh, Karl, my darling, don't stay long away from me!" whispered Lucy, clinging to him in the moment of his departure. "And be sure take care of yourself, Karl, and do not run any risk, if you can help it, of the fever."

With many a sweet word of reassurance, murmured between his farewell kisses of passionate tenderness, Karl answered her. To part with one another, even for this short and temporary space of time, seemed a great trial.

A change for the better had taken place in Mrs. Wynne, when Sir Karl arrived at Foxwood. She was in no immediate danger. Mr. Moore, the surgeon at Foxwood, informed him that he must not trust to this improvement. The fever had in a degree subsided, but her state of prostration was so great, that he feared she might yet die of the weakness. Karl enquired what was the nature of the fever: Mr. Moore replied that it was a species of low fever more than anything else, and appeared to have been induced chiefly by the sad state of mind Mrs. Wynne had been brought into, grieving over the fate of her elder son. Dr. Cavendish, of Basham (the neighboring market town), had attended regularly with Mr. Moore. Sir Karl at once telegraphed to London for a physician of world-wide reputation. When this great doctor arrived, he only confirmed the treatment and opinion of the other two; and said that nothing could well be more uncertain than the recovery of Mrs. Wynne.

Karl wrote these various items of information to his wife in Paris, and showed her how impossible it was that he could quit his mother during the uncertainty. Lucy replied by saying that she should think very ill of him if he could; but she begged him to allow her to come to Foxwood, and help him in the nursing, saying she was not afraid of the fever. She added a pretty and affectionate message to Mrs. Wynne—that she would find in her a loving daughter. The same post brought Sir Karl a letter from Mrs. Cleeve, who evidently was afraid of the fever. "Do you take precautions for yourself, dear Sir Karl; and do you fumigate all letters before you send them out?" Such was its chief burthen.

Karl believed there was no danger from the fever: but, alas, he dared not have Lucy. He had reached Foxwood only to find more complication than ever in the unhappy secret disclosed to him by his mother. Only a word or two dropped by her—and in her weak, and sometimes semi-lucid state, he could not be sure she would not drop them—and Lucy might know as much as he did. Besides, there was no establishment at Foxwood fit to receive Lady Wynne.

Hour after hour, day after day, he sat by his mother's bedside. When they were alone she could only whisper of the trouble she had disclosed to him. Karl felt that it was wearing her out. He told her so.

He felt that death would inevitably end it: and he watched her grow weaker. The strain upon his own mind was great: brooding over the matter as he did—for in truth to think of any other theme was not practicable—he saw what a wrong he had committed in marrying Lucy. Sir Karl's only interludes of change lay in the visits of the medical men. Dr. Cavendish came once a day; Mr. Moore twice or thrice. The latter was rather brusque in his manner, but kindly, keen, and sensible. He was plain, with a red face and nose that turned up; and brown hair tinged with gray. The more Karl saw of him, the more he liked him; and he felt sure he was clever in his calling.

"It is a great misfortune that Mrs. Wynne should have taken poor Sir Adam's death so much to heart," Mr. Moore one day observed to Karl, when he found his patient exhausted, restless, in all ways worse. "While she cultivates this unhappy frame of mind, we can do nothing for her."

"Her love for my brother was a great love, Mr. Moore; quite passing the ordinary love of mothers."

"No doubt of that. Still, Sir Karl, it is not right to let regret for his death kill her."

Sir Karl turned the conversation. He knew how wrong were the surgeon's premises. Her regret for his brother's death had been terrible: but it was not that that was killing Mrs. Wynne.

The days went on, Mrs. Wynne growing weaker and weaker. Her mind had regained unfortunately all its activity: unfortunately because she had not the strength of body to counterbalance its workings. Karl had a great deal to do for her: consultations to hold with her and letters to write; but even yet he was not admitted to her full confidence. During that night's interview with her, when he had learned so much, he had enquired who the gentleman was that had called and taken luncheon. Mrs. Wynne had declined to answer him, further than it was a Mr. Smith who had applied for the agency of Sir Karl's estate. Sir Karl now found that Mr. Smith had been appointed the agent, and had had a house side by side with Foxwood Court assigned to him as his residence. The information nearly struck Karl dumb. He felt sure there was more behind, some inexplicable cause for this: but nothing more could he get from his mother. She was ill, he was going to live abroad, she said, therefore it was necessary some responsible person should be on the spot to look after things.

To Karl's intense surprise, the next letter he had from his wife was dated London. They had left Paris and come over. With his whole heart Karl hoped they would not be coming to Foxwood; and in his answering letter he talked a good deal about the "fever."

As to himself, he was wearing to a shadow. One might surely have thought *he* had a fever, and a wasting one. In writing to Mrs. Cleeve he admitted he was not well; and she wrote him back four pages full of instructions for fumigation, and beseeching him not to come to them. There's nothing like trouble to wear out a man.

The event that had been prognosticated by the doctors and feared by Karl took place—Mrs. Wynne died. In the midst of praying for only a few days' longer life, she died. Karl's anguish, what with that, and what with the weight of other things, seemed more than he could bear. Mrs. Wynne's grave was made close to that of her son Adam, and the funeral was a very quiet one.

Sir Karl remained at Foxwood, ostensibly fumigating the house and himself preparatory to joining his wife in town. He looked as much like a skeleton as a man. Mr. Moore noticed it, and asked what was coming to him.

One day Mr. Smith, the agent, called, and was shown to Sir Karl. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, and then the bell was rung.

"Is the gentleman going to remain here as your agent, sir?" enquired Hewitt, with the familiarity of an old servant, when he had closed the door on the guest.

"Why, yes, Hewitt, while I am away. My poor mother appointed him. She thought it better some one should be here to act for me—and I suppose it is right that it should be so."

Freely and lightly spoke Sir Karl. But in good truth Mr. Smith fairly puzzled him. He knew no more who he was or whence he came than he had known before. Mr. Smith's conversation during the interview had certainly turned on the Foxwood estate, but Sir Karl had seen all the while that his agency was only a blind—a blind to serve as a pretext for his residence at Foxwood. Mrs. Wynne had fixed the amount of salary he was to receive, and Karl meant to continue the payment of it. Why?—the reader may ask. Because Sir Karl dared not refuse, for he felt sure the man knew a great deal of Mrs. Wynne's dangerous secret.

At length Sir Karl went up to London to rejoin his wife. Lucy gave a startled cry when she saw him—he was looking so ill; and Mrs. Cleeve accused him of having had the fever. Karl turned it off lightly; it was nothing, he said, but the confinement to his mother's room.

But Miss Blake, who was growing very keen in her propensity for making the world better than it is, could not understand two things. Why Sir Karl need have lingered so long at Foxwood; or why he could not have had his wife there.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE GATE OF THE MAZE.

A more charming place than Foxwood Court presented in the summer months when the rare and sweet flowers by which it was surrounded were in bloom, could not have been found in the Kentish county. The mansion was not very large, but it was exceedingly gay and pretty to look upon; a white building with a goodly number of large windows, those on the ground floor mostly opening to the ground, so that the terrace could be gained from the rooms at will. The terrace—a gravel walk with brilliant flower beds on either side of it—ran along the front and the two sides of the house. A marble step or two in four places descended to a lower walk, or terrace, and from thence there was spread out the level lawn, a wide expanse, dotted with beds of flowers and bounded with groves of beautiful trees. The chief entrance to the house was in its centre: a pillared portico, surmounting a flight of steps that led down to the broad walk dividing the lawn. At the end of this walk between the bank of trees were the large iron gates and the lodge; and there were one or two small private gates of egress besides in the iron palisades that enclosed the grounds beyond the trees. If there was a fault to be found with the locality altogether, it was perhaps that it had too many trees about it.

The iron gates opened upon a broad highway; but one from circumstances now to be explained, was not much used, except by visitors to Foxwood Court. To the left of the gates a winding road led to the village of Foxwood; it lay in front distant about a quarter of a mile. To the right the road went straight to the little railway station; but as there was also a highway from the village to the station direct, cutting off all the round by Foxwood Court, it will readily be understood why that part of the road was rarely used. In the village of Foxwood there were a few good and a few poor houses; some shops; a church and parsonage, the incumbent an elderly man named Sumner; Mr. Moore the surgeon; and a solicitor, Mr. St. Henry, who was universally called in the place Lawyer St. Henry. Some good mansions were scattered about in the vicinity; and it was altogether a favored and attractive neighborhood.

In a small but very pretty room of Foxwood Court, at the side of the house that looked toward the railway station, sat Mrs. Cleeve and Miss Blake at breakfast. It was a warm and lovely June morning. The table set off with beautiful china from the Worcester manufactories, with silver plate, and with a glass of choice flowers, was drawn close to the window, whose doors were wide open. By Mrs. Cleeve's hand lay a letter just received from her daughter, Lady Wynne, saying that she and Karl were really commencing their journey home.

But for interference how well the world might get on! After Karl quitted Foxwood to rejoin his wife in London—as was related previously—Lucy had so far regained her health and strength that there was really no need for her to go, as had been arranged, to another climate. She herself wished not to go, but to take up her abode at once at Foxwood Court, and Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve seeing her so well, said they would prefer that she should remain in England. Karl, however, ruled it otherwise; and to the Continent he went with his wife. Then Miss Blake took up the tale and the interference. Somewhat of love still, anger, and jealousy rankled in her heart against Karl Wynne. Anything she could say against him she did so: and she contrived to impress Mrs. Cleeve with a notion that he, in a sort, had kidnapped Lucy, and was taking her abroad for some purpose of his own. She boldly

averred that Sir Karl had been keeping his wife away from Foxwood by statements of the fever, and such like, false and plausible: and that he probably meant to hide her away from them in some remote place forever.

This served to startle Mrs. Cleeve—though she only half believed it. She wrote to Sir Karl, saying that both herself and the Colonel wished to see Lucy home, and begged of him to return and take up his abode at Foxwood. Karl replied that Foxwood was not ready for them; there was no establishment. Mrs. Cleeve wrote again—urging that she and Theresa should go down and engage two or three servants, just enough to receive himself and Lucy: afterwards they could take on more at will. A few days' delay and Karl's second answer came. He thanked Mrs. Cleeve for the trouble she offered to take, and accepted it, specifying a wish that the servants should be natives of the locality and who had always lived in it.

"Sir Karl wishes to employ his poor neighbors," observed Mrs. Cleeve; "you must see that he is right, Theresa."

Theresa could find no cause to confute this much. But she was more and more persuaded that Sir Karl would have kept Lucy away from Foxwood if he could. And we must admit that it looked it.

Mrs. Cleeve lost no time in going down with Miss Blake to Foxwood Court. Hewitt, who had been left in charge, with an elderly woman, received them. They thought they had never seen a more respectable or thoroughly efficient trainer. The gardeners were the only other servants employed. They lived out of doors, the chief one, Maclean, inhabiting the lodge with his wife.

While Miss Blake was looking out for some young women servants, two or three of whom were speedily found and engaged, she made it her business to look also after the village and its inhabitants. That Miss Blake had a peculiar faculty for searching out information was indisputable; never a better one for the task than she; and when an individual is gifted with this quality in a remarkable degree, it has to be more or less exercised. Miss Blake might have been a successful police detective; attached to a private inquiry office she would have made its fortune.

And, what she learnt, gave her a profound contempt for Foxwood. We are speaking of the place now, not the Court. In the first place there was no church, or at least what Miss Blake chose to consider none. The vicar, Mr. Sumnor, set his face against views of an extreme kind, and that was sufficient for Miss Blake to wage war with. Old Sumnor, to sum him up in Miss Blake's words, might be conscientious enough, but he was as slow as a tortoise. She attended his church the first Sunday, and found it unbearably tame.

Mr. Sumnor's family consisted of an invalid daughter left him by his first wife, a second wife and two more daughters. Mrs. Sumnor kept him in subjection, and her two daughters were showy and fast young ladies. The surgeon, Mr. Moore, a widower, had four blooming girls, and a sister, Aunt Diana, a kind of strong-minded female, who took care of them. The young ladies were pretty, but common-place. As to the lawyer, St. Henry, he had no children of his own, but had taken to a vast many of his dead brother's.

There were many other young ladies in the vicinity, but it was an absolute fact that there were no gentlemen—husbands and fathers of families excepted—for the few sons that existed were gone out to make their way in the world.

Miss Blake considered it not at all a desirable state of things, and accorded it her cool contempt. But the place showed itself friendly, and came flocking in its simple manners and hearty good-will to see the Hon. Mrs. Cleeve, Lady Wynne's mother, and to ask what it could do for her. So that Miss Blake, whether she liked it or not, soon found herself on terms of sociability with Foxwood.

One morning an idea dawned upon her that seemed like a ray from heaven. Conversing with the Misses St. Henry, those ladies — gushing damsels with enough brown hair on their heads to make a decent-sized haystick and in texture it was nearly as coarse as hay—informed her confidentially that they also considered the place benighted in the matter of religion.

Often visiting an aunt in London, whose enviable roof-top was cast within the shadow of a high ritualistic establishment, boasting of great hourly doings and five charming curates, it might readily be imagined the blight that fell upon them when doomed to return to Foxwood Church and plain old Sumnor, and they breathed a devout wish that a church after their own hearts might be established at Foxwood.

This was the ray of light that flashed upon Miss Blake. She started at its brightness. A new church at Foxwood! If the thing were possible to be accomplished, she would accomplish it. The Rev. Guy Cattacomb, what with prejudiced bishops and old-world clergymen, did not appear to be appreciated according to his merits, and had not yet found any field for his views and services. Miss Blake was in occasional correspondence with him, and knew this.

From being a kind of dead and-alive creature under the benighting torpidity of Foxwood, Miss Blake leaped at once into an energetic woman. An object was given her, and she wrote a long letter to Mr. Cattacomb telling him what it was. This morning his answer had been delivered to her.

She chirped to the birds as she sat at breakfast; she threw them crumbs out at the window. Mrs. Cleeve was quitting Foxwood that day, but hoped to be down again soon after Sir Karl and her daughter reached it.

"You are sure, Theresa, you do not mind being left alone here?" cried Mrs. Cleeve, eating her poached egg.

But Theresa, buried in her own active schemes, and in the letter she had just had from Mr. Cattacomb—though she did not mention aloud the name of the writer—neither heard nor answered.

Mrs. Cleeve spoke again.

"Mind being left here! Oh dear no, I shall like it. I hated the place the first few days, but I am quite reconciled to it now."

"And you know exactly what there is to do for the arrival of Sir Karl and Lucy, Theresa?"

"Why of course I do, Mrs. Cleeve. There's Hewitt, too; he's a host in himself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY MRS. MARY AMES.

It was a dreary night. The wind whined, whistled, and then rushed wildly about, rattling casements, snatching at loosely-fastened blinds, and driving sheets of sleet against everything that opposed it.

"A fearful night," said Mrs. Northrup, as she looked up from her dainty worsted-work to her husband, who was deeply absorbed in a heavy volume. No reply, and with a petulant movement, she pushed her work away and thought—as she had done a score of times before—of the evanescence of man's love.

"And I believed men loved as women do—forever!" she mentally said, with a feeling of self-scorn, pitiable in one so young, for although a wife for nearly a year, she was not yet twenty.

With delicate, aquiline features, pearl-tinted complexion, peach-blossom cheek, smooth brown hair, and expressive eyes, fringed by heavy lashes, darker than the hair. Here was a rare type of beauty; and thus thought Charles Northrup, a lawyer by profession, and a writer of some note, when he was first introduced to her at her first party. He was just home from Europe, cultivated, attractive—even to magnetism. And Stella Conway, loving, romantic, impulsive, and just the least bit wayward, was drawn to him—this old, young man of thirty-five—by a fascination she could not resist. And he?

But little accustomed to ladies' society, the beauty, grace, and still more, her shy, maidenly adoration caused him to ignore a resolution long since taken, and he asked her to become his wife. Without a misgiving, she promised, although her parents very reluctantly consented to yield their only child, petted and overindulged as she had ever been, to this self-poised, methodical man.

A gay wedding, a short bridal trip, and then the young wife was installed in her new home in a large western city. Mr. Northrup was necessarily away the greater part of the day, but he managed to pass his evening with his half-homesick wife, who but for this would have found her life intolerable in a city where all were strangers.

Several weeks passed thus, and then the husband gradually began to fall into his old habit of writing in the evenings; and to write, he must be alone. At first it was only for an hour, and Stella would wait patiently until it was gone, and then, in her pretty, imperious way, march him back—not an unwilling captive—into the pleasant parlor.

But as time passed, and he became more and more absorbed in his work, he seemed to begrudge every moment given to his young wife. She was not slow to discover this, and wept and pined from loneliness. Tears were followed by pouting, then remonstrance, not unmixed with bitter taunts; and now, on this desolate night, the wretched thoughts had condensed themselves to the bitter words, "He has ceased to care for me."

Soon the absorbed student arose, and with a satisfied expression that told of his success, he went to his study as unmindful of her presence as of the chair he left.

"I will not be thus cast aside," she said, in pride and wrath. "He shall not sacrifice me to that hateful writing. I will follow him, provoke him, do anything, rather than remain here alone."

She went to the door and, without knocking, entered. But he did not even look up, only with an eager smile, kept on sketching down the precious quotations he had been at so much trouble to find. He looked so grand and noble, with his fine, intellectual face bent closely over his manuscript, that for a moment her anger vanished, and the child-like little woman crept softly in, and crouching on the rug by his side, laid her head on his knee.

He looked from his writing to her as if surprised; nay, even annoyed.

"What do you want, Stella?"

The tone, more than the words served to arouse all the evil in her nature, and she arose quickly to her feet.

"I wan't my husband's society, his care, his sympathy!" Had she added love, perhaps the interview might have ended differently. Who shall say?

"I think you have as much of my society as men usually give their wives: and I did not know that you were so unfortunate as to need sympathy."

"No; *pity* is the more appropriate word. Pity for my folly in leaving a pleasant home to come to this great prison-like house, that will never seem like a home."

"I am very sorry that I have failed to please you in the selection, but hardly see how I am to blame."

"No, you see nothing but your writing; think of nothing except what you shall write to please the public eye, and thus make to yourself a name."

"But your name and mine is the same."

"Yes, more is the pity. You had no business with a wife. You were already wedded to your pen. It were far better, Charles Northrup, if we had never met."

"I agree with you," he replied, coldly, and rising, left the room, and she saw no more of him until they met for breakfast.

She passed a sleepless night, pitying and blaming herself by turns, but never quite humble enough to resolve to apologize for unladylike conduct, or crave pardon for her unkind words.

The storm of the previous night was over, nothing but the white-capped waves of the lake in front of their residence, and the thin coating of sleet told of its wild pranks. The sun was doing his best to melt the ice on everything his rays could reach, and when the married pair seated themselves at table, he was looking in from an eastern window, with a saucy glance upon their coldness. But the ice was too thick. A few words of common politeness, that was all, and the waves of bitterness tumbled on.

Each made a pretense of eating, while she was saying to herself, from behind the coffee urn: "It was so cruel for him to say, 'What do you want?' as if I was a beggar; when I was only feeling so lonesome, sick and wretched! And he thinks it would have been better had we never met." And she looked wistfully at the grand face opposite her. But he was not watching, only wondering how he might correct this great mistake of his life! He truly believed it would be impossible for him to make this child-ish woman happy. She exacted so much and yielded so little.

And thus were they drifting apart. Breakfast over, he arose and said: "I must go now. Any commands?"

"None, thank you."

He passed into the hall. Should she follow, and ask for one kiss—whisper one word of apology? Perhaps he would only think she hindered—and while she hesitated the street door closed; and, half sick and utterly wretched, she went to her room to wear out another miserable day.

But it did not pass as she expected. Before noon Mr. Northrup returned with a telegram that her mother was dangerously ill.

Everything was forgotten, then, but the dear mother. She was to go by the next train, and her husband was to accompany her. He was engaged in a very important suit, but she must not go alone. Fortunately, however, when they arrived at the depot he found some friends, a gentleman and lady, who were going to the same place, and would kindly take charge of his wife. He could be spared the next day, or the day after, certainly. Stella thought of nothing, cared for nothing, but to reach home, where her mother might even now be dead or dying.

"Let me hear as soon as you arrive?"

"Yes." He kissed her good-by and left the coach.

Mrs. Northrup found her mother better, and telegraphed, accordingly, to her husband. He replied in a mild conjugal epistle, in which he proposed that she should remain and make a visit, as she had long been pining to do. In her morbidly jealous state, only this was needed to confirm her auspicions that her husband was tired, and would gladly be rid of her.

Her answer was as icy as assumed dignity could render it, and ended by hoping he would enjoy the short period of her absence!

The mother, with the daughter constantly beside her, soon discovered that something was amiss, and before Stella could tell how, had ascertained the cause. She was a judicious woman, a good judge of character, emotional in her own feelings, and therefore quick to interpret its phrases in another. Here was a couple loving each other, but, just now, in danger of making a holocaust of that love, simply because they could not see things from the same standpoint. She, with a girl's abandon, had made this grave student her world; had suffered him to absorb her every thought; depended on him, utterly; his atmosphere alone sustained her.

And he had tired of it. Not of his young wife; but he was satisfied with sweets; his mind had other avenues of enjoyment; his tastes comprehended a larger scope; his habits, as a writer, had become second nature, and he had returned to them with a relish that seemed almost an insult to his wife. This was a sad state of affairs she told herself, and must be met promptly.

She had a long confidential talk with her daughter, and finally obtained a reluctant consent, that she might write to Mr. Northrup. After informing him of her own improved health, and various other minor matters, she wrote thus:

"It is claimed that a good daughter makes a good wife. Stella was a good daughter, but, according to her own telling, she has failed to prove herself a good wife. She has been exacting, unsympathizing, fretful, wayward, and, lastly, unwomanly and passionate. Just from the confinement of the schoolroom when she became your wife, she looked upon the future as a grand gala day. I should have prepared her mind for the sober realities of married life. I shall not attempt to excuse myself, only admit to you and myself, that I have failed in my duty. And, whenever, from neglect or forgetfulness, I have left a taste unfinished, it has been my habit to go back at once, and complete it, if such a thing were possible. I have, and still do, make it a sort of self-discipline.

"Now, I would like to take my child back, for a few months, and fit her for a wife—for your wife, more especially. I would have her all to myself—if you are willing—except a written correspondence. She has consented, though very reluctantly, to what she considers my whim. Will you, also, indulge me in it?"

When Mr. Northrup received this singular proposal, he was more than surprised, he was astonished. Such an unheard of proceeding! Take his wife from him to discipline her!

He reread the letter. There was an unmistakable vein of kindness in the plan, and, perhaps, a grain of sense. Then there came—he was thoroughly ashamed of it—a feeling of relief.

He could take up his old habits of writing early and late, as he pleased. He could finish his book; write up that article on metaphysics that a certain professor was clamoring for; finish his poem of Hebe; serve as critic on Miss Mullen's forthcoming novel; translate Gaustrach's Idyl—in fact, could do a hundred things which had been waiting for just such an opportunity.

His shrewd mother-in-law would have smiled slyly had she known his thoughts.

He answered the letter in his own frank, gentlemanly way, admitting his shortcomings, bewailing his bachelor habits, and promising to correct them as rapidly as possible.

Just a week later he wrote to Stella.

With hungry eyes she scanned every sentence for some sign of underlying tenderness. Kindness and protective care permeated the whole. But it sparkled all through with the scintillations of a creative mind.

Many talented authors are but indifferent correspondents. But such was not Charles Northrup. His letters were racy, piquant, even brilliant. And his wife read and reread them with a strange mixture of pride and heartache.

"If I could only write such letters, I should be a more suitable companion for him," she said, sadly, to her mother, one day, after receiving one of the precious epistles.

"I like your letters better, my dear. But if you really wish to make your letters more like your husband's, nothing is easier."

"Will you tell me how, please?"

"Just take that last letter, which you admire so extravagantly, and answer it, sentence by sentence. Take it apart—figuratively—and fashion your answer by the pieces. Where he uses persiflage, deal back that which is equally light, and when he indulges in sentiment, intensify your own."

"But would it be right?"

"Just as nearly right as for me to count the stitches in this Afghan I am knitting."

"I will try it next time."

She did, and was surprised at the far more artistic appearance of her letter.

Months passed, and still Mrs. Northrup remained at her father's house. Tiny garments had been made and laid aside, and the wife would smile at the great surprise in store for her husband. For Mrs. Conway had insisted upon this secret as a part of her policy in bringing about the result she sought. Mr. Northrup's love of children was intense, and the mother hoped that what the undisciplined wife had failed to do, the helpless babe might accomplish.

Letters had come and gone, and of late, so very often! It was not unusual now, for the wife to receive three or four a week, instead of, as at first, one in as many weeks. Mrs. Conway only smiled as she saw the white-winged messengers flying in so rapidly.

Once he had written:

"When may I come for you, darling? I will not endure this separation much longer. I thought while you were away I should write up all my neglected articles. But I seldom take up a pen when away from the office, except to write to you. I think of you constantly. I suspect you will cry out, 'selfishness!' but our home is sadly in need of your housewifely care. The careless servants are well aware I cannot watch them, and presume accordingly. Dust is everywhere it should not be. The furniture in its linen dress looks as if here to attend a Quaker funeral. No flowers in my study, no little wife in the sewing-chair—in fact, home without you is but a shelter, where I eat and sleep. More than six months since I have seen you. Please tell your mother if she does not call me by the next mail, I shall break my parole and come unbidden."

And Mrs. Northrup read the tender lines with her white face on a pillow, and cried softly as she looked on a baby boy the nurse was holding.

Even now he must be on the way, she thought, for the despatch went last night.

The next morning—having arrived in the night, but the nurse was inexorable—he came softly in, and kneeling by the couch, thanked God for the gift of a wife and child.

"And you will love me for the baby's sake?" she whispered.

"No; I will love the child for your sake."

Then, with a wistful, yearning look, she said:

"I am afraid that baby and I together shall drive you frantic."

"We shall see," he replied, lightly.

He remained a week, and after obtaining Mrs. Conway's promise to accompany his wife back to her home, took his departure.

As soon as the arbitrary nurse would consent, the young mother was gratified in her wish of returning to her husband.

It was evening when they arrived, and Mr. Northrup led the way at once to the study. And a study it was, indeed, to Stella, for it had been metamorphosed into a perfect nursery. Not a sign of the writer's den, only the luxuries of a baby's home.

"But where are you to write, Charles?"

"In the library, at the parlor table, on my hat, if the case requires it. A man with a wife and baby has no use for exclusive habits."

"But you are not going to stop writing!" the wife exclaimed, in dismay.

"Not by any means"—with a sly look at Mrs. Conway—"and I intend in my next article to attempt to disabuse the public mind concerning mothers-in-law."

CIGARS VERSUS GLOVES.

BY ETHEL ALLEN.

Here is my hero.

Height, five feet three inches, figure good, with an inclination to stoutness; complexion fair, hair a light brown, moustache with the least little tinge of red, eyes a light blue, hands small and white, age just twenty-two, name, Ellis Kruman.

I wish I could describe his character as easily as I have his personal appearance; but although I have known Ellis Kruman intimately for nearly a year, still, I confess, I am no better acquainted with his habits, disposition, and little peculiarities of temperament than I was three weeks after I first met him. To tell the truth, Ellis Kruman has always been somewhat of an enigma to me, a puzzle I felt confident was well worth finding out, but which, when I was surest I had finally discovered, constantly evinced some new peculiarity that left me quite as much in the dark as ever.

Did you ever spend a summer in Philadelphia? If you have, you will understand the perfect misery I looked forward to when my aunt and cousins said good-bye, one bright June morning, and departed for the mountains, leaving me to spend three long months in the hot, dusty, dirty city of Brotherly Love, with no one to depend on for companionship but my father and an aged colored servant.

The first three days I did little else but read, sleep and cry over my unhappy lot, but the evening of the fourth day I found sufficient energy to array myself becomingly and take my seat at the front parlor window, having remembered that a friend had asked permission to call that night with one of his acquaintances.

How I wished, as they were ushered into the parlor, that some one I cared more for had come instead, and remember thinking I should probably spend a very stupid evening; and then I rose and made my bow to Ellis Kruman.

The next few weeks we were together almost constantly, and I had frequent opportunities to study his peculiarities. He was not in the slightest degree affectionate, really loved no one in the world except his brother, for whom he manifested a sincere devotion; never, I am confident, did a mean action; never broke a promise, no matter how little depended upon its fulfillment; never divulged a secret; never by the indulgence of a passing fancy incurred the pangs of a troubled conscience; invariably perfectly cool and self-possessed. His great fault was his obstinacy. I have pleaded hours to induce him to make an apology I was confident he felt was due me.

One evening I was as usual lecturing Ellis on his want of heart, or rather his aversion to acknowledging the possession of the slightest feeling of anything like sentiment.

"Now, Ellis," I began, "you needn't try to make me believe that you have never yet cared for a girl except as a friend."

"Indeed, I never have," he answered, seriously. "I cannot understand how it is possible for two persons to become so attached to each other as to be willing to live together all their lives."

"Nearly twenty-two, and can say that!" I exclaimed. "I would be willing to wager something that you can not say so two years hence."

"I'll bet you a box of kid gloves against a box of cigars that I can," he replied.

"Done!" I cried; and we shook hands on it.

One afternoon not long after this, a party of us were playing croquet in the yard of an old brick house that stood quite out in the country, although but a few squares distant from a thickly settled portion of the city. This delapidated mansion was said to be inhabited by ghosts after early nightfall, and for the above reason the owner found it impossible to keep a tenant, so it stood deserted year after year, given over to the rats and its ghostly visitors.

We were none of us sorry that the old house remained unoccupied, as the yard afforded us so excellent a croquet ground, but nothing could persuade us girls to stay there after darkness had fallen upon the city.

On the afternoon I have mentioned, there was an addition to our usual party in the way of a slender young gentleman with a frank open face and a delicate pair of side whiskers. This was no other than Wilmer Kruman, Ellis' brother, whose exact opposite in disposition and character I soon discovered him to be. I took a great liking to him the moment we were introduced, and mentally resolved that he should like me also, for I had heard that his only peculiarity was his avowed dislike for young ladies' society.

He certainly showed no aversion to my society the next two or three weeks. If I went around to the Stanton's to spend a quiet evening, he was sure to drop in; if I stopped at the Warren's for a few minutes' chat, he invariably made his appearance; if I stayed at home, about eight o'clock I would hear his pleasant "good evening," as he paused under the parlor window, waiting for an invitation to enter.

Toward the first of September the members of our croquet club were given a fruit party by one of the young ladies, and I was somewhat disappointed when Wilmer instead of Ellis offered himself as my escort. I made up my mind to flirt desperately the whole evening so as to make Ellis jealous, but, greatly to my chagrin, the victim of my artfulness devoted himself exclusively to a pretty rosy-cheeked girl, seemingly forgetful of my presence, and by eleven o'clock I was furiously jealous myself.

Just after refreshments, I was standing beside the piano listlessly looking over a great pile of music, when I heard some one say:

"Will you dance the mazourka quadrille?"

Looking up, I saw Ellis standing beside me.

"Thank you; but I am tired," I replied, indifferently, thinking he might have asked me before.

A few minutes later I had the pleasure of watching him dance with my rival, the pretty rosy-cheeked girl. I could have cried with vexation.

Before the end of the evening I found myself seated beside Ellis on the crimson plush sofa.

"I have spent such a delightful evening," I murmured, utterly regardless of truth.

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself," he replied, sarcastically.

"So did you," I answered, with equal sarcasm.

"I didn't dance with one person all the evening, at any rate."

"And I didn't flirt with one person all the evening, at any rate."

"I am glad to hear it. I had the impression that you did.

"A great deal you care."

"Did you care because I flirted?"

"Yes, I did; that is—I mean— I wish you wouldn't look at me so."

"Do you know I have been furiously jealous all the evening."

"Have you?"

"I thought we were going to have such a pleasant time together."

"Did you?"

"But you didn't seem to care for any one but Wilmer."

"Didn't I?"

"Will you be home to-morrow evening?"

"I suppose so."

"May I call?"

"If your pretty lady-love gives you permission."

"I have just asked her this minute."

"Nonsense."

"But it isn't nonsense to me."

"Well, then—you can come."

"My dear," Ellis said to me last evening, "you will find a pair of white ones among those gloves, and I want you to promise to wear them on our wedding-day."

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

The maxims by Dr. Franklin, though often printed, lose nothing of their value by a repetition; they may, at the present time, serve to strengthen good resolutions.

1. Plow deep while the sluggards sleep, and you will have grain to sell and keep.

2. Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a deal more saucy.

3. Silks, satins, scarlets, and velvets put out the kitchen fire.

4. Diligence is the mother of "good luck."

5. Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.

6. Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.

7. It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

8. If you would know the value of money, go try and borrow some.

9. The eyes of the master will do more work than both his hands.

10. What maintains one in vice will bring up two children.

11. He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.

12. Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

13. Sloth rust consumes faster than labor wears.

14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

15. Three moves are as bad as a fire.

16. Creditors generally have better memories than debtors.

17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.

18. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.

20. Buy what thou needest not, and thou shalt sell thy necessities.

Neither the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

THE BABY'S DEATH.

How tenderly Louise Chandler Moulton touches upon that sharpest grief a mother's heart can know—the death of the little blossom which unfolded so gently beneath her love, but which the wise Father has gathered to himself:

There came a moment at last when the baby's eyes did not open. Dr. Erskine felt the heart throb faintly under his fingers, but he knew it was beating its last. He trembled for Elizabeth, and dared not tell her. She anticipated him.

"Doctor," she said, and her voice was so passionless that it might almost have belonged to a disembodied spirit, "I know that my darling is dying."

He bowed his head mutely. Her very calmness awed him.

"Is there anything you can do to ease her?"

"Nothing. I do not think she suffers."

"Then will you please to go away? She is mine—nobody's but mine, in her life and in her death, and I want her quite to myself at the last."

Sorrowful enough he left her.

Elizabeth held the child closely, but gently. She thought in that hour she never loved anything else—never in the world should love anything else. She wanted to cry, but her eyes were dry and burning, and not a tear fell on the little upturned face, changing so fast to marble. She bent over and whispered something in baby's ear—a wild, passionate prayer that it would remember her again in the infinite spaces. A look seemed to answer her—a radiant, loving look, which she thought must be born of the near heaven. She pressed her lips in a last despairing agony of love to the little face, from which already, as she kissed it, the soul had fled. Her white wonder had gone home. This which lay upon her hungry heart was stone.

AGRICULTURAL.

As the time approaches when spring work commences, it would be well to repair gates, get your fence in good order, train vines over your outbuildings, and put shrubbery along your fences. Get as much verdure in sight as possible, and if you are able to make your buildings and fence white, all the better.

When drying off cows after the regular milking has ceased, the udder should be frequently examined at intervals of a few days, and any milk which has collected should be removed. If left unattended to, serious injury may be inflicted upon the udders, such as the loss of teats, shrinkage of the udders, etc., thus impairing the future usefulness of cows.

Five hundred and twelve cubic feet, or an eight-foot cube, is commonly reckoned as the measure of a ton of hay; but this rule is only partially accurate. A high mow, long settled, will weigh a ton to four hundred cubic feet, or even less, and a low mow of clover or other coarse hay will sometimes require six hundred and fifty to seven hundred cubic feet. It depends upon the fineness and compactness of the hay, and no accurate general rule can be given; yet five hundred cubic feet probably comes nearer an average measure than any other.

Nest-boxes should be movable, so that after hatching, and occasionally when used only for laying, they may be conveniently cleaned. One way is to whitewash them; but another, preferred by some, is to kindle a fire inside and char them. This process will effectually destroy vermin and their larvæ, and will thoroughly purify the nest by leaving a coating of charcoal inside. This substance is one of the best antiseptics, and a perfect deodorizer. Boxes made of seven-eighth stuff—pine, hemlock, or spruce—will outlast a number of these purifications by fire, as the process tends to preserve the wood.

Seed Liberally.—In seeding it is always most economical to seed liberally; for, unless the grass occupies the soil, weeds will come in, and oftentimes overshadow the grass. If we could be sure that every seed would grow, a smaller quantity would fill the soil; but experience proves that only a portion of the best seed matures plants. The grasses may be seeded at any season when the soil is in a fit state for germination and growth—spring, autumn or late summer, as most convenient. Clover is one of those plants which, if not pretty well rooted when the winter sets in, is apt to winter-kill; hence we sow this in spring usually.

To cure a horse of bridle-breaking, get a piece of bed-cord four times the length of the horse and double it in the middle, and at the double end make a loop, through which pass the animal's tail. Then cross the cord over his back, and pass both ends through the halter-ring under his chin and tie both ends of the cord to the tough-ring, through which the halter strap plays, the end of the halter being attached to a billet of wood. Should the horse attempt to pull back the strain will be on the root of his tail before the halter strap will become tightened, and he will at once step forward to avoid it. After so fixing him a few times in the stable, he will abandon any such propensity.

Preparing for Early Plants.—The season is now at hand when almost every housewife will have a box of plants for early vegetables on her window, but which must be turned around every few days, to keep them from leaning at a sharp angle toward the light. The following is a simple remedy to avoid the trouble of turning the box. Raise the inside of the box so as to bring it to an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and the plant will stand perpendicular to the earth in the box. Of course, when watering them, the box should be let down level, and, when well watered, give the leaning position again. In early cabbages and tomatoes there can be several weeks gained by proper care with such plants. On cold nights they should be set away from the windows. Always use lukewarm water to water the plants, and rain water at that.

Fruit Garden.—Fruits and vegetables are often planted together; the small fruits, such as blackberries, raspberries, etc., are put along the fence-rows, and it is no wonder that in such spots the fruit is poor in quality and quantity. Where it is possible, the two gardens should be separate, as this allows better culture for both fruits and vegetables. There is nearly always some wall or building against the sheltered side of which may be planted one or more grape vines. The border should be dug out, and properly filled with good, fresh soil, and if any fertilizer is used, let it be broken bones. In two or three years a fine crop of fruit may be gathered. There is no excuse for a lack of fruit on any farm in the country; there are numerous places around every farm house, where small fruits may be easily grown, if a little pains is taken. Villagers with small lots manage to have an abundance of fruit, but large farms are too often lacking in this.

Close Planting and Pruning.—We are more and more becoming converted to the practice of close planting and close pruning. Take, for instance, black raspberries, or black berries, grow them close in a row, and like a hedge, by keeping them all cut back as they grow. This makes branches still so that they do not get down in the dirt, and are easily passed among to get the fruit, and, by mulching the entire surface, the same amount of mulch mulches a much larger number of vines. The roots of all kinds of plants run much farther than most people have any idea of, and simply mulching close around the plant does not answer the purpose. The roots of a plantation of raspberries and blackberries, or currants, or even strawberries, run through the entire surface, and hence, to be properly benefited, the entire surface must be mulched, or kept worked by hoe or cultivator, and the part that most needs this is the extremities of the root. Currants and gooseberries must have a cool, moist place to do well, and if planted on dry soil this is best secured by a heavy mulching of the entire surface. So, if fruit, and that of the best quality is what is sought for, plant close, and mulch heavy, is our advice.

I Suffered for Several Years from Asthma, and for some affection of the throat, re e bbling Bronchitis. After spending a great deal of money on various medicines, with no material benefit, in March last, on the recommendation of Mr. F. Peters, of this place, I obtained Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. After taking two bottles of this remedy I found myself so much relieved, that I continued taking it until I used seven bottles, and by this time my symptoms had all disappeared, and I have every reason to believe myself cured.—*W. Baden, Catspring, Austin Co., Texas.*

FACETIÆ.

MOTHER: "Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?"

"Oh, she's a splendid teacher! She don't care whether we know our lessons or not."

AT a frecent school examination near Bonn, the question was asked, "Who was to blame for the division of the Jewish Empire?" A girl promptly answered, "Bismarck."

A BRIGHT little three-year old in Hartford, having become a little mixed between her religious instruction and her nursery rhymes, gravely recites: "The Lord is my shepherd, and he lost his sheep, and he don't know where to find them."

SHE was a Cincinnati belle—her father stuck pigs for a living, and as her impatient adorer urged the appointment of a day, she could not but pity him. "I yearn as much as you do, Alphonse," she said, with a sigh, "but we must wait. Tallor's down and pork's flatter n ever!"

WHEN the great Mohammed found an editor of that day making rhymes upon him, he said to Ali, the first of the faithful, "Take the rascal away and cut out his tongue!" The wise Ali handed the alarmed poet a purse of gold. "This, O, thou rogue who mockest the Prophet, this is the only way to cut out thy tongue!" he said.

A YOUNG lady asks: "Is it proper for a gentleman to put his arm around a young lady's waist when taking her out for a ride, they not being engaged?" That depends altogether on the kind of horse he is driving. If it be hard on the bit, he had better hold the reins with both hands. A gentle horse is always the best for a drive with a lady, however.

HE came from the country seven years ago, and is now a well-to-do merchant. Last week he wrote to the old folks, telling them he had married a lady with a very fine voice—a "mezzo-soprano of quite extraordinary compass." Yesterday he received an answer from the maternal side of the house, informing him that his lamented aunt was afflicted with something of that sort during her life, but had always found relief in placing a mustard-plaster on the sole of each foot, and drinking a pint of catnip tea.

AN EASY QUESTION TO ANSWER.—One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a "woman will she will, you may depend on it, and when she won't she won't, and that's an end on't." This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day asked:

"W——, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W——, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. W——," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you were born so."

W—— has abjured the habit of putting conundrums to his wife.

CUTTING A DASH IN THE COUNTRY.—A Washington girl paid a visit a short time since to a friend on the Eastern shore of Maryland, and among her outfit for the occasion had one of those variegated suits now so fashionable. Upon her first visit to the rural church she wore it, and was the observed of all observers. She was highly gratified with her impression until she happened to hear two rustics whispering in the seat behind her.

"Why jes' look at her, Sal!" said one to the other; "she'n puttin' on more airs than if she had on half a dozen dresses all cotton the same piece."

"Yes, indeed," replied Sal. "Guess she thinks she's some, with that ar bed-quilt strung around her. Reckon there's a piece of her mother's, her gran'mother's, and her great-gran'mother's old silk weddin' dresses in that."

"Look at the gingerbread fixin's she's got all round her, too," remarked the other.

"Tell you what, maybe she's some poor, crazy critter, out of her mind, and they pampers her by fixin' her up that way."

"Wonder if them yerrings an' things ain't the kind what Jim was tellin' us you could get a whole bushel of 'em for a half a dollar."

The Washington girl could stand it no longer. She plead sudden sickness, left the church, and took the early train home next morning. Now she says sarcastically "she always thought Maryland was civilized."

REMEDY AGAINST THE ENEMY OF THE ROSES.

Vick's Floral Guide furnishes the following remedies for the destruction of the principal insect enemies of the rose, which are the green-fly, the leaf-hopper, sometimes improperly called thrips, the rose-slug and the rose-bug.

The green-fly is easily destroyed by syringing the infested plants with a weak solution of tobacco—take a quantity of tobacco or tobacco stems, and let them stand in water until the strength is soaked out of them. If the water is too strong, it will burn the foliage and turn it yellow, therefore, before using, it should be tested by dipping into it some green foliage, and if it burns it, it is too strong, and must be reduced by adding water. When sufficiently diluted, the plants can be syringed with it.

The leaf-hopper can be destroyed by the same means, but we have always preferred to use a weak solution of whale-oil soap for it—say one pound of soap to five gallons of water. The plants can be syringed with it, and care should be taken to throw the water upward against the under sides of the leaves as well as on the upper sides, as the insects usually are in great numbers beneath.

The rose-slug, which eats the upper surface of the leaf, and is often very destructive, can be effectually destroyed by the use of whale-oil soap, as described above. Our own experience is, that with good soil, good cultivation, and the timely and proper use of whale-oil soap, there is as little difficulty raising roses and keeping them thrifty as there is in raising beets or turnips.

The rose-bug can only be successfully attacked by hand-picking or brushing off into a dish of water, when they can be scalded or otherwise destroyed.

The mildew which often attacks the rose should be treated with sulphur, either by sprinkling upon it the flour of sulphur, or by mixing the sulphur with water and applying it with a syringe.

THE bread of Germany is one of its most mysterious and interesting institutions. It is never made at home but at bakeries. It is trundled about the streets in little dog-carts, carried home by the loaf at night under the arm of a not too neat-looking street sweeper, etc.; small boys tie it with strings and carry it home on their backs; and when it is there it is tumbled about in an alarming way which any but long-suffering German bread would resent. This rough and tumble handling of bread is one of the peculiarities not only of Germany but of France, and other European countries, which strikes an American, accustomed to the home-made article, as very odd. In those countries bread is universally bought of the baker, and is carried through the streets in baskets on men's backs, as well as in dog-carts, and every other conceivable manner. It is the one commodity that seems to be universal. And then the diversity of forms in which it appears!—huge rings and immense rolls, so long and so large that the "staff of life" becomes a beam.

THEY that have read about everything are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials or knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.

GOING TO CHURCH IN 1800.

In the biography of the late Rev. Dr. Goodell, veteran missionary and Oriental scholar, he gives this picture of the way they went to church in Templeton, Mass., his native place, at the beginning of the century:

The old puritanical horse seemed to understand as well as the most pious of us that it was holy time, and he stood at the door, saddled and bridled, with his head bowed reverently down, as if in solemn meditation upon the duties he was expected to perform. My father, with one of the children in his arms, rode before; my mother sat behind on a pillion, and carried one of the children in her arms, and still another child rode behind, clinging as closely to her as she did to her husband. I recollect on one occasion, in ascending a steep, sandy hill, the girth of the saddle gave way, and there was an avalanche of the whole load, father and mother and three children, with the saddle and pillion, over the horse's tail, plump into a sandbank. The old rheumatic horse never seemed amazed at anything that might happen, but this time he simply opened his large eyes wider than usual, and, wheeling half round, looked to see whether he could help us in any way.

NEVER DESPOND.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of arousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.—It is very common for young men nowadays to study how little they can make suffice in the way of the labor they perform for their employers, rather than how much they can possibly do to render themselves useful. We say this is common now, and we suppose it always has been common. But we think it will be found on examination never to have been in the course pursued by men who in after-life became distinguished for their success. Such men worked for their employers as afterward, when they got into business on their own account, they worked for themselves.

CONSTANT success shows us but one side of the world; for it surrounds us with flatterers who will tell us only our merits, and silences our enemies, from whom alone we might learn our defects.

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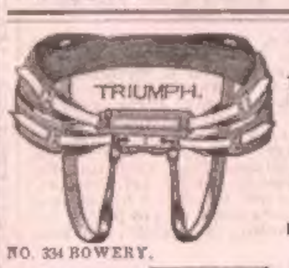

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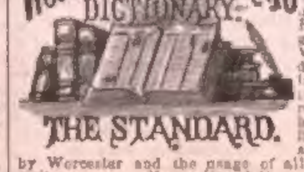

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THE BOUDOIR.

Says a noted writer of other times, "the civilization of a nation may be estimated, judging from outward appearances, by the manner and form of the dress of its people, as well as by other and seemingly higher tests." Mark that fact now, fair friends, and let us prove the truth of the quaint old thinker's assertion by the correct taste and elegant fitness of our attire when the world comes to stare at us next summer. In the first place pray do not be over-dressed, and confound attire suitable only for evening and house wear, with that which is appropriate for the street and promenade.

We have had many inquiries made concerning what will be necessary as an outfit for the all-engrossing and well-beloved Centennial Exposition. To those who have unlimited purse depth, and plenty of the "necessary evil" to fill the Russia leather receptacles of such, we offer no suggestions, feeling sure that they will be guided by the dictates of their fancies; but to less fortunate ones, with ideas bound by moderation and prudence, we are ever ready to give such assistance as lies within our power. First of all we advise the purchase of a black silk if you have not one already, also a brown or grey debege for morning wear, and dusty excursions. Make the latter with a polonaise; trim the underskirt with two kilt plaited flounces, six inches each in depth, or else one deep flounce, hemmed top and bottom, plaited six inches from the bottom, stitch with the machine; then reverse the pleats above this line of stitching, and six inches above stitch another line, this forms a puff; the top being a ruffle. The polonaise may have four or five rows of stitching on the hem, and a deep pocket on the right side. Then by all means have a large ample linen pardessus. Cut in the form of a long, loose sacque, with some fullness set in the Gabrielle back under the side seams below the waist. Have a belt for the waist and plenty of pockets.

A brown silk under-dress with ecru open-work overdress, trimmed with brown bows, will be desirable for occasions when the black silk might be found heavy, or else have a black bernant—this last we strongly advise. Do not forget one or two fancifully made white jackets for morning wear, so popular last summer. For breakfast toilet nothing can be prettier than one of these little jackets, brightened up by bows of colored ribbons. If you can afford in addition to these things to have a nice black alpaca, you would not regret it. Rainy days will come in the brightest season ever known, and for such times there is no exaggerating the comfort and service of a good alpaca. Make this latter with basque and overskirt. A black and grey chip, and an ecru one will be needed in hats. Smaller details you can fill up yourselves, such as plenty of nice ties, and gloves with a veil or two of grey tissue, or crepe lisse—and a dotted little one if you please.

Collars and cuffs of Oxford linen—which, after all, is not linen at all but an admixture of cotton—will be very much worn in the morning during the warm season. We trust our hints may meet the needs of those who have inquired of us.

Among the spring wraps there is a very serviceable sacque of cashmere or silk, cut long in the front and sloping up towards the back. It fits well into the figure and has long seams from the shoulder down instead of from back of the arm. It is lined with silk or satinet, or soft fine flannel, and is trimmed with wide woolen braid and fringe.

We saw a dress, or more properly speaking a costume composed of brown silk and the new brocaded material in ecru and brown. The underskirt of brown silk had a deep flounce laid in clusters of four pleats, with a space between. The overdress was a polonaise with a marguerite back and long front; the latter buttoned from throat to hem. The back was slightly draped, and at the side seams were set in sashes of brown serge silk, with the ends fringed, these sashes were taken back under the draping of the back widths, and tied in irregular loops, with one end longer than the other. The sleeves have deep brown silk cuffs. A pocket of brown silk is placed on the right side low down. Collar of brown silk with revers.

OUR WORK TABLE.

There is quite a pretty fancy nowadays, among ladies of leisure, for making up useful articles for the household, such as table covers, tea and fruit napkins, etc., out of comparatively cheap and homely material, and then beautifying it by simple embroidery, in striking patterns and well-selected colors. We give instructions in this issue for embroidering a sett of tea napkins. The material is grey linen, the kind that has a darker grey ground with light gray stars woven in the pattern. Cut the linen into squares of the requisite size for the napkins, and fringe the edges. Secure the fringe from further ravelling by an over-casting stitch at the top done in Turkey red. Get the exact centre of the napkin, and work either the monogram of the owner or outline a cluster of leaves in chain stitch with Turkey red, alternated with blue embroidery cotton. Work a Grecian border, double lines, in the two colors, and at each corner outline a leaf or small cluster of leaves, in chain stitch. Or else work dots in satin stitch, or Chinese knotting in the centre and upon each point of every star on the linen; a large dot for the centre, smaller ones for the points and fine ones to fill up the interstices in the colors mentioned. After finishing press neatly on the wrong side, and fold triangularly, and we feel sure you will be entirely satisfied with the result. A friend of ours who has a sett, together with a large oblong napkin for the tea tray deeply fringed, says she has been asked again and again where she was so fortunate as to find so unique an article of table linen. Some persons prefer to work the pattern with wool, either split or single zephyr, and for a table cover this would be pretty—thread is more suitable for napkins.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is a stylish material used for polonaises of new spring suits, composed of silk and wool, in combined shades of ecru and brown in a brocaded pattern.

Many of the leaders of fashion are having suits made without overskirts or polonaises; draping the one skirt by upturned folds in front and looping the back widths.

Fringes of all depths, from two inches and a half to seven and eight inches, prevail among the late trimmings.

Belts of black velvet ribbon, satin-faced, alternated with slides and buckles of oxydized silver, and having a chatelaine attached for fan and vinaigrette, are fashionable.

Scarfs of cashmere lace and cashmere nett, bordered with lace of the same tint, will be much worn this spring.

Belts of narrow ribbon covered with a strip of Valenciennes insertion, and having long streamers of ribbon at the left side will be worn this summer.

Jacinths will be the fashionable stones worn in jewelry for the Centennial year.

For home and reception wear during the coming season low shoes of pale ecru kid, with bright scarlet and blue heels, will be among the fancies.

A curiously devised locket, made by a Florentine jeweler, square in form and having an outer shell of filagree gold, is being copied by English jewelers, and bids fair to have great popularity.

Green tissue veils are best for the eyes.

"Sulphur and milk" is the name of one of the cream tints.

Fringed parasols will be again worn.

"Pages," of strong silk cord with catch-clasps at the end for looping the demi-trained dresses, when worn on the promenade, are used in sensible Paris.

Trim your hats with spring flowers—now ladies.

Black silk sacques for spring are trimmed with cashmere lace and cream colored bows—better for carriage than street wear we think.

Amber necklaces, with cross attached, formed of beads and mounted in silver are worn.

Feather trimming of all kinds will figure largely during the spring season.

Graduated fringes, woven very wide in the middle, and narrow on the sides, are aristocratic and somewhat expensive.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MINNIE L. D.—A grey debege made with kilt-plaited flounce and deep polonaise will be very suitable for a travelling suit for the Centennial season. Get a grey chip hat, or else grey English straw, and have an unbleached chip for best. Trim the former with grey scarf folded in pleats, and have two ostrich tips, one light the other darker in hue, falling over the back of the crown. Use cream tinted serge silk and cashmere lace for trimming the latter, with a cluster of delicately tinted flowers in front, mingled with cashmere lace; and a pompon of cream tinted feathers at the back, in the midst of folds and loops of the serge silk used for trimming. Undressed kid gloves are the most appropriate for traveling wear. Yes, mask veils of cashmere net are worn, but we think you would find the grey crape lisse veil preferable. Be sure and come, for *every* one who is patriotic will try to be here at "Our Show."

MRS. L.M. (Wisconsin).—The French yoke pattern is what you want for your little girl of three years of age, it looks very pretty in sheer muslin with the yoke made of alternate clusters of tucks and Valenciennes insertion.

MINON.

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER X.

SPEARING SALMON — A FOUR LEGGED THIEF — HOME AGAIN.

A fishing excursion was the next thing that claimed the attention of the young moose hunters. It was proposed by Tonguato, and as the hour for the return to Portland was drawing near, the boys were eager to use the spear on the finny tribes of the rivers.

One afternoon a goodly party left Androscoggy and reached the frozen river. At once all fell to work, and at sunset a number of holes were completed through the ice. Spears were examined and torches prepared with care. Light, it is known, attracts fish to the surface; and availing themselves of this, the Indian fishermen light their fine torches. Two men station themselves at one of the holes; the light is held by one while his companion stands ready with the spear. As the fish, attracted by the light, comes to the surface, the angler with his barb stands ready to strike, and seldom fails to land on the ice a scaly prize.

The Indians soon become proficient in spearing salmon, and the other denizens of the stream, and the sport is one which they do not grow weary in following.

Tonguato wished to show his young friends how he could spear fish, and did some good bragging on the march to the river. Over the holes in the ice he did not belie his boasted promises. He seldom failed in his strikes, and at times Mark or Luther were obliged to help him land his prize.

The salmon is one of the most beautiful fish of our rivers, and this mode of taking him is the most exhilerating. He will be drawn to the surface by the light of the torch, when the spear completes the conquest.

Kit and Red Wolf accompanied the young fishers; but soon grew tired of the sport, which was old to them, and with lighted pipes sat down to talk. The shouts of the hunters told that they enjoyed the excursion, and their lights flitting here and there marked their movements.

"There is something at your hole!" said Harold to Passawack, and as he spoke he pointed to the spot where they had left a large pile of salmon and trout.

The Indian boy looked a moment, then turned to Harold with a smile.

"Big fish eater!" he said.

"A bear?" queried Harold.

Passawack answered with an affirmative nod, and whispered:

"Go back and get guns. Passawack watch 'im."

The youth glided away, and soon returned with two rifles, one of which he thrust into the Indian's hands.

With the torch above his head so that the light would fall upon the fish stealer, Passawick stepped forward followed closely by the young Portlander.

Bruin, who was not to be disturbed in the midst of his delicious salmon on the ice, looked up, showed his teeth and returned again to his feast. The supper surpassed any he had tasted for a long time, and he was determined to enjoy it.

Within twenty yards of him the boys halted, and Harold took the torch.

Passawick raised his rifle, and after a long aim fired straight at the animal.

The shot took effect in bruin's jaw, which dropped with a howl of pain, and he rose on his hind feet.

"Shoot!" cried Passawick as he seized the torch. "Shoot! white boy! bear coming this way!"

Harold needed no command; he saw that the wounded animal was coming towards them, and fired quickly.

"Good shot!" cried the Indian, as the bear staggered back, and the next moment his great body dropped into the hole in the ice!

There he found himself tightly wedged, unable to extricate himself. The hole was not large enough to admit of his precipitation into the river, and his frantic efforts to draw himself upon the ice elicited the laughter of the beholders.

The shots had drawn all to the spot, and they watched the bear in his icy trap.

After some time Red Wolf advanced to within a few feet of the imprisoned animal, and thus addressed him:

"The thief is often caught in the trap that the Manitou sets. Great Bear! if you had not come to steal our fish, the ice would not have caught you in his cold mouth. This is what you get for stealing. Many moons ago the Manitou made honey and put it into the trees of the forest. Then he said to his people: "Behold the hunting grounds of my red children are full of animals! The fox is there with his cunning; the wolf with his ferocity, and the bear who sleeps through the winter. Now let us look and see what animal steals the honey I have made for my red children!" And so they looked, Great Bear, and behold you came from your cove and sniffed the air; you smelt the Manitou's honey, and stole it from the hollow tree. You became the thief, and the Manitou said: 'The red man shall find him in the winter and slay him, and in traps he shall take his great carcass. Even I will help my children catch the honey stealer.' Now, Great Bear, you have fallen into one of the Manitou's traps, and we must kill you. Be brave; and die like a man when the shots hit you. Red Wolf has spoken."

During the Indian's speech the bear did not growl. To his credit be it said that he listened like a good auditor; but when the chief withdrew he renewed his efforts to escape.

"Eagle Hunter shall shoot the bear," said Red Wolf turning to Mark, and the youth raised his rifle.

A moment more the report broke the echoes of the stream, and the bear desperately wounded, wrenched himself from the hole, and fell over in the agonies of death.

"Big shot!" cried the chief, approaching the prostrate monster, who yielded up his life before the knife could enter his heart.

Bruin was found to be a veritable giant, and it was with difficulty that the entire party moved him over the snow. He was larger than the bear which invaded Snow-bank after the honey, and a much finer animal than he. On the ice the shaggy hide was stripped off, and the supper of salmon and bear meat that followed was highly palatable.

Around the carcass many stories were told, and the excursion did not return to Androscoggy till near midnight. Many salmon and trout had been secured, and the party was delighted with its success.

Several days later our young hunters took their departure, and turned their faces toward home. Kit was reluctant to leave the country of the Phantom Moose; but the time which he had agreed to spend in the woods with the boys had expired, and he must leave.

Red Wolf and a party of braves accompanied the whites to the settlements, where leave was taken by all, and keepsakes exchanged with the best of feelings.

The boys regretted the separation from Passawack, Tonguato and Mohesta, whom they promised to visit at some future day.

They reached Portland safely, and were welcomed home.

Here I must leave them, which I do with regret.

They were pleased with their excursion into the forests of Maine, having gained thereby renewed health and vigor. The snow-shoe and the rifle are put aside; but the trail of the Phantom Moose and the sports it afforded were not forgotten.

Snow-Shoe Kit, old fellow, still believes in the antlered spectres, and hunts them occasionally among the lakes and rivers of northern Maine. He says that civilization has driven them toward the icy waters of the St. John. For the pleasure he has afforded us, we will not laugh at his belief.

[THE END.]

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

HAIRDRESSER—"'Air's very dry, sir!"

CUSTOMER (who knows what's coming)—"I like it dry!"

HAIRDRESSER (after awhile, again advancing to the attack)—"'Ead's very scurfy, sir!"

CUSTOMER (still cautiously retiring)—"Ye-as, I prefer it scurfy!"

(Assailant gives in defeated. Cannot sell any Hair-wash this time.)

HOW THE OYSTER BUILDS HIS SHELL.

Mr. Frank Buckland, who conveys instruction more agreeably than any naturalist of the day, thus explains the manner in which the oyster builds his shell. The body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all. Yet what a marvellous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame. When an oyster is first born he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, never by his flat shell, and being once fixed he begins to grow—but he only grows in summer. Inspect an oyster shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so do the markings on an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea.

Suppose the oyster under inspection was born June 15, 1870, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In summer, 1871, he would more than double his size. In 1872 he would again add to his house. In 1873 and 1874 he would again go on building, till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875; so that he is plainly five and a half years old.

The way in which an oyster grows his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ, i. e., his lungs, but also his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with its four lips. When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of his beard begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper, and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on the finger from an oyster shell is often very poisonous.

TECHNICAL COLLEGE.—There is one institution of which Worcester, Massachusetts, should be proud, and that is the Institute of Industrial Science, founded by Mr. John Boynton, who bequeathed $100,000 towards the establishing of such a school. It is a free institution, at which students can obtain a technical education and a thorough knowledge of mechanical arts. Everything conducive to this end has been provided, including a well arranged and thoroughly equipped machine shop, which cost some $85,000 or $90,000. It would be well if more of these technical schools were established throughout the country, where young men of a mechanical turn of mind could procure a scientific education at a slight expense, thereby developing inventive talents which, perhaps, under other circumstances, would be lost to the world.

You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christain, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

A SEVERE hail storm at the Centennial grounds would make a scene for a painter—and glazier.

A sign of spring—a woman with her dress pinned up, a brush in her hand, mischief in her eye, and splotches of whitewash on her face.

John Hung, Kee Dung, Aee Lung, Mung Kee, Choo Bang, and Dong Kee live in San Francisco; and when they get full of Wis Kee, they knock one another down Ker Chunk!

"ALBUM PARTIES" are in vogue in New York. An "album party" is where a majority of the ladies are pretty—and all the parties given by Norristown young ladies are overwhelmingly of that character.

A young lady who was heard to declare that she "had nothing to wear," was seen on the street a few hours later, attired in at least seventy-five dollars' worth of clothes. We suspect she borrowed them.

WIDOWS in India are now permitted to marry again, instead of being burned. This will have a tendency to increase the list of widows in India, but no doubt many of them, after living with a second husband a few months, will yearn for a restoration of the old law.

There is a horrible rumor that knee-breeches, silk stockings, and powdered wigs are coming in with the Centennial. Old Henpeck says it makes no difference to him, his wife is determined to wear the breeches, no matter how ridiculous the style.

The Pennsylvania Legislature proposes to give each passenger sixteen inches space in a street car, while New York thinks fourteen inches sufficient. On account of the Centennial, Pennsylvanians are expected to "spread" themselves more than usual.

It is proposed to make Washington's birthday a national holiday. This is right. George, besides being unable to tell a lie, never belonged to a base ball club, never read a dime novel, did not indulge in pocket handkerchief flirtation, and was never seen going out between acts for beer.

Frank Buckland says crabs should be killed by running an awl through their hearts. This, we confess, is a much neater way than hitting them with a brick, but life is too short to make a post mortem examination of the crab before you kill it, to find exactly where its heart is located.

If your next door neighbor has a little patch of ground which he intends to convert into a garden this spring, it is your duty, as a free-born American citizen, to purchase ten or a dozen chickens and let them run at large after he gets all his seeds in. Nothing lends so much excitement, and healthful exercise, and earnest profanity to garden making as driving out your neighbor's chickens.

It is predicted that we are going to have a very sultry September. Scientists and Adventists agree that the world is to be burned up about the middle of that month. This is hardly fair to young ladies, as it only gives them eight months of leap year; and young men who expected to get their money's worth out of their Ulsters next winter, will be sadly disappointed, too.

Women's debating clubs are becoming fashionable. And they don't discuss such obsolete questions as "*Resolved*, That Columbus is entitled to more respect for discovering this country, than George Washington for saving it." The first question introduced is, "*Resolved*, That woman is superior to man," and as no member will speak in the negative, the question is unanimously decided in the affirmative without wasting any argument on it.

If all the one hundred and forty year old clocks, and razors, and Continental hats, and the one hundred year old carts, and George Washington and Ben Franklin watches, and Revolutionary chairs and cradles, and other hundred year old relics that have turned up within the past twelve months, are sent to the Centennial exhibition, as threatened, they should all be placed in one room with the sign "Trash" in big letters over the door, so that visitors might steer clear of the stuff and thus save time.

A Western poetess sings: "Come here, my love; My precious dove, And make thy nest Upon my breast." This is rather a gushing leap year invitation, but we advise her "love" to do nothing of the kind, for in another stanza she says: "And in my arms, Thy sweetest charms I'll taste and try Until I die." This rhymes better than Walt Whitman's poetry, but the sentiment is awful. If she wants to commit suicide, why not swallow Paris green, or strychnine, or something that way?

—*Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IOWA now possesses the best meteorological system of any State in the Union, and will make a fine display in this section at the Exposition.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD says that eating fruit, especially apples, brings the palate to such a delicate condition that strong drink becomes distasteful.

PROF. SILLIMAN, of Yale College, is said to have discovered a chemical process by which the ringing sound of gold and silver may be imparted to German silver and britannia.

SEWING MACHINES.—A California inventor has patented a contrivance for driving sewing machines, which does away with the treadle. A number of springs are moved by clock-work and governed by a lever so nicely that the needle may be made to move at any desired rate of speed. The machine will run for about an hour and a quarter with one winding up.

AN English scientist has suggested that illuminating gas may be made from the sewage of cities at much less cost than from coal. It takes a ton of the best English coal, besides a large quantity of furnace coal to maintain the requisite heat, to make nine thousand cubic feet of coal gas, while the same quantity may be made from sewage with an expenditure of only one hundred and thirty-five pounds of furnace coal. Besides the economy of the thing, the utilization of the sewage would prove of great value from a sanitary point of view.

A VERY ingenious method of manufacturing screws is described in an Edinburg journal, as having been recently and successfully introduced. By this plan the screw, instead of being made as ordinarily, by cutting away the iron of the bolt to leave the thread, is formed by rolling the screw on the bolt blank while hot, a process by which, it is claimed, a great economy of time and labor is effected. Recent experiments have also shown, it is said, that the tensile strength and the holding power, in both hard and soft wood, of rolled screws are considerably greater than those of cut ones.

PRESSURE of the atmosphere is now applied to the raising of coal in the Creuzot district in France. The air is exhausted from a hollow tube running along the shaft from the bottom to the top of the colliery. At the foot of this tube is a piston fitted to it, and supporting a cage into which the coal to be raised is put. When the cage is full the air from the mine is allowed to press upon the piston beneath, and there being a vacuum above the piston and the cage, the load is borne upward to the surface. Not only is the coal raised in this way, but the ventilation of the mine is vastly improved, for the contaminated air of the colliery flows up through the tube, bearing the loaded cage above it, while its place is supplied by an overflow of fresh air from the surface.

NUMBER OF THE STARS.—The number of the stars is very deceptive. There are never more than 3,000 visible to the naked eye at a time, though there are about twice that number to be seen in all the heavens without a telescope. With the aid of a good telescope millions are brought into view. Let the astronomer select one little star to look at, and then turn his telescope upon it, and he will find hundreds of stars under his gaze. This is the star dust, or the star clusters the astronomers talk about. The small stars increase vastly in numbers as they diminish in size. The telescope reveals at least twenty millions of stars, and some estimate that there are a hundred millions. Some stars shine brightly for a time and then grow dim. Of these more than one hundred have been catalogued.

CARBON IN THE SYSTEM.—It appears that the new system introduced in France for reducing obesity, has for its basis a regime resting on the prevention of the introduction of carbon in the body, or on favoring its transformation and augmenting the amount of oxygen; the food, therefore, to be non-nitrogenous, varied with a few vegetables containing no starch, and some raw fruit. The temperament of the patient is also to be kept in view; that is, the lymphatic to have a red diet, such as beef, mutton, venison, hare, pheasant, partridge, etc., but the sanguine a light diet, or white, such as veal, fowl; pigeon, oysters, etc. Vegetables, not sweet or farinaceous, are allowable, also grapes, apples, gooseberries; while sugar, butter, cheese, potatoes, pastry, rice, beans and peas are prescribed. The hygiene consists, in this new system of treatment, in favoring the action of the skin, in wearing a tight roller to support the walls of the abdomen, in taking plenty of exercise on foot or on horseback, also playing at billiards, fencing, swimming, gymnastics, and kindred diversions.

PERSONALITIES.

PRINCE OSCAR, the second son of the King of Sweden, will visit the Centennial. He is a cadet in the Swedish navy.

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL, the Dramatist, is at present engaged in dramatizing Mr. Charles McKnight's "Old Fort Du Quesne," for the 14th Regiment National Guards of Pennsylvania. It is their intention to have it brought on the stage in Philadelphia during the Centennial.

THE *Times* of India tells of some Siamese noblemen who, at an entertainment given them by a European merchant at Bangkok, were so horrified at the gyrations of a Highland fling and an Irish jig that were danced, that they fled from the house, believing that the foreigners had gone mad.

THE head of the Scottish house of Murray, generally known as the Duke of Athol, a young man of thirty six, holds one dukedom, two marquisates, five earldoms, three titles as viscount and twelve as baron—twenty-three titles in all—six more than any other nobleman in the United Kingdom.

WADE HAMPTON BOLTON, of Tennessee, died recently, and his will contained the following provision; "I give and bequeath to the widow and children of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, known as Stonewall Jackson, who fell at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, $10,000, as history tells me his widow's furniture was sold after his death for debt."

IT was a graceful thing in the operatives employed by Messrs. Zug & Co., of Pittsburg, who recently suspended, to offer to work at half wages for the space of three months, or longer, if it would assist their old employers in resuming business. It shows that there may be cordial relations between labor, in spite of the unseemly exhibitions to the contrary all over the world.

THEODORE, the son of the Monarch of Abyssinia, has just left London for Paris, where he will spend the remainder of the winter. So complete has been the young Prince's English training that he has forgotten his native language and he is only able to converse freely in English. He is a very amiable youth, and has been the lion lately at several parties in the West End.

BACK of Fredericksburg, Va., is an elevation called Mary's Heights. Here stands an unfinished monument, eleven feet square at the base, and sixteen feet high, begun in honor of Mary, the mother of Washington, by a wealthy merchant of New York. The corner stone was laid in 1833 by Andrew Jackson, then President. The merchant was a suitor for the hand of Miss Custis, and thought to win her favor by respecting the bones of her ancestors. Being refused by the lady he abruptly quitted the enterprise.

ROSA BONHEUR, author of "The Horse Fair," and many other works not so well known, is *feted* and flattered wherever she goes, titled people delighting in doing her honor. She is about to leave Paris again for several months. Recently she was visiting at the seat of Baron Sina, in Hungary, and will now become the guest of Lord Cochrane, on his estate at Dumfries. Rosa Bonheur, like her American sister in another art, Charlotte Cushman, prefers not to change her maiden name. Miss Kellogg also seems to prefer her *cognomen* to any other. Her heart, it is said, is in her art.

BARON VON WASHINGTON is the name of a Bavarian officer now in the German army. One of this family, Baron Maximilian von Washington, about twenty years ago married a Duchess of Oldenburg, a sister of the reigning Grand Duke of Oldenburg and of the ex-Queen of Greece. The family are, of course, of British origin, though when or why they went into Bavaria, or whether they belong to the English Washingtons of Brington, in Northampton, whose coat-of-arms has been reproduced on the flag of the United States, is not known.

THREE orphans—two boys and a girl—children of Augustus N. Dickens, brother of the novelist, are in Amboy, Illinois. They are destitute and homeless, and the detailed story of their condition is most pitiable. Up to the time of his death Charles Dickens rendered assistance to the mother and her offspring, but by his taking off help ceased, and misfortune and want followed. The mother was a Miss Philips, with whom Augustus eloped from England while his wife was still living and totally blind, but of whose existence Miss Philips had no knowledge. When she discovered her position it preyed so upon her mind that, a few years ago, she committed suicide by taking poison.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Wild Time at Sea. Notes of a Western Tour. A Fearful Adventure. Mrs. Motley's Mistake. Lost and Restored. The Broken Heart.

E. F. S.—Adhesive postage stamps were first used in England on May 6th, 1840, and in the United States in 1847. The first advocate of adhesive postage stamps was Mr. Rowland Hill, in England, in 1837.

MRS. E. B. (Berlin, N. Y.)—There is work, of course, where you mention, but there are thousands of applicants on the spot, and your husband would not have the slightest chance, so he had better not think of coming here for such a purpose.

A. H. D.—"Has there been anything said as to what will be the charge for admission of children to the Centennial?" No; the only rate of admission that has been thus far made known is fifty cents, for all ages, save infants in arms, so we conclude that there will be no reduction for children over that age.

A GIRL-READER.—"How do they make glass-beads?" A number of small glass tubes of different colors are first made; these are then cut into very small pieces; they are afterward shaken up with a mixture of sand and ashes, which fills up the small holes, and prevents their closing during the next operation, which is a slight fusing; in order to smooth the rough edges after this, they are cleared and strung by children.

ASPIRANT.—Each Congressman representing the respective Districts and Territories has the power of nominating one cadet for West Point Academy, and the President selects and appoints ten cadets taken from the United States at large. Each cadet is allowed five hundred dollars, and one ration per day, and before entering the Academy is required to sign a written agreement binding himself to serve eight years at least.

C. A. T. (Frankford).—"I would be pleased to be informed through your correspondence column when and where was the first locomotive built in this country?" The first locomotive that proved effective was built by Matthew Baldwin of this city, in 1821, and was used on the Germantown Railroad. It was called the Ironsides. There was, however, a locomotive built the previous year in New York, for the South Carolina Railroad. It was named The Best Friend, but did not prove the best friend of its builder, as it exploded its boiler after two years running.

W. D. M.—We consider no correspondence an intrusion, and are never angry with any letter we receive; they all go into the basket quietly together. But our correspondent's inquiries far exceed our wisdom and capability to satisfy. It is, in fact, a request to advise him as to what business he should apply himself so as to make his way in the world. This we cannot do; and even if we could, it probably might be injurious to him. It is often for a man's good that he chalk out a course of his own. All men of original minds do this, and Providence helps them, for they have a special mission.

INQUISITIVE.—"Can you tell me what is the meaning or the origin of the word 'fortnight,' as used for two weeks?" The old German nations used to reckon time by nights instead of by days, and of this custom we have the remains in the words "fortnight," for two weeks or fourteen nights, "se'ennight," for a week or seven nights. Among migratory nations unacquainted with writings, journeys are almost the only things which habitually require reference to periods of time shorter than a moon. We can understand, then, how natural it would be to measure the length of a journey by the number of rests or stoppages—that is, by nights instead of days.

H. M. M. (Milford) carries on a clandestine correspondence with a gentleman whom her parents forbid her to marry; she and he are very fond of each other, and the only impediment to their marriage is the want of means to live upon after marriage—a very powerful reason for not marrying in our opinion. Every man who marries ought to have a reasonable hope of maintaining a house of his own, however humble. A profession, with perseverance, is a good beginning; but an income is the material commencement that parents look to. Professions without employment are penniless. Wait a little longer, and obey your parents. This is the first commandment with a promise attached to it.

TEMPLAR.—"What was the origin of the expression 'True Blue?'" This has been a matter of considerable discussion. One writer claims it for the Covenanters, who assumed it in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles II. It was worn by the troops of Lesly and Montrose in 1654. The Covenanters were noted for their religious pedantries and affectation of strict observance of Hebrew customs. They named their children Zerubbabel, called their chapels Zion and Ebenezer, and decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the law of Moses commanded, "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." So when a Covenanter was very brave he was true to his color.

F. F. V.—Mason and Dixon's Line is the parallel of lat. 39 deg. 43 min. 26.3 sec. N., which separates Pennsylvania from Maryland, drawn by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two distinguished English mathematicians and astronomers. As the northern limit, with the exception of small portions of Delaware and Virginia, of the original slave States, it was prominently mentioned in the controversies concerning slavery. The vicinity of this line was, in pre-Revolutionary times, the theatre of much violence and bloodshed, owing to the claims of rival proprietaries. At the end of every fifth mile a stone was planted, graven with the arms of the Penn family on one side, and Lord Baltimore on the other. The intermediate miles were marked with smaller stones having a P on one side and an M on the other, and all were exact from England.

STUDENT writes: "I want to know from the POST, 1st, What is the difference between inductive and deductive science? and why is it that the former is considered so much superior to the latter? 2d. Why is it that mathematics and the classical languages have always been considered more important studies than many more practical branches?" 1st. Inductive science means the arriving at conclusions from the comparison of previously discovered facts. Deductive science means the forming conclusions from what seem the necessary principles of nature, without immediate reference to facts. It may be readily seen which has the firmest foundation. 2d. The studies mentioned are considered important as a discipline to the mind, forcing us to arrange our thoughts in logical connection. Without a rigidly correct train of reasoning no correct solution in mathematics can be reached, and the etymology and syntax of the classical languages have almost the precision of mathematics.

C. S. D.—"Can you tell us where and when cotton was first made into cloth?" We cannot say for positive, but it was probably in the East Indies, where the cotton plant has been known and cultivated from time immemorial, and where it still grows wild in many parts. The Hindoos exhibit a most wonderful proficiency in spinning and weaving their cotton, with the simplest and rudest implements into many varieties of fabrics, including fine muslins; indeed, till toward the close of the last century, the finest muslins in use were imported from India. The earliest mention of cotton among the classic nations of antiquity is by Herodotus, who speaks of it by the very descriptive name of *tree-wool*, which is the name it still bears in German and several other Continental languages. Cotton was not known in Egypt until about five hundred years before Christ, and then it appears more probable that it was imported than that it grew there; for all the cloths found enveloping the mummies of earlier ages have proved on examination to be linen; and, though the pictured records of this people often represent the flax plant, there is no trace of cotton. The productions of the rude looms of India were brought by Greek and Arabian traders to ports of the Mediterranean, and thus found their way to the markets of Europe, where their rarity as well as their beauty made them much sought after; they consisted of delicate muslins, flowered cottons and chintzes, and were mostly painted with brilliant colors by hand labor. Cotton cloths are mentioned as having been imported into London, from the Bight of Benin, in the year 1666, the knowledge of both the culture and manufacture having probably been conveyed there by the Moors and other Mohammedan nations; the former were the means of first bringing this manufacture into Europe.

MISCELLANEOUS.—JOHN W.—The sentence reads right enough just as you have it. We do not understand what you mean. ANDERVILLE.—We do not know the names of the manufacturers you refer to. ZENA.—There would be no impropriety whatever in your giving your card to the gentleman, under the circumstances as you have stated them. E. T. PHILLIPS.—There will be just the one charge of fifty cents to enter the Centennial grounds, and this will admit you into all the buildings free. CARRIE.—Your poetry is more creditable to your affectionate heart than to your literary capabilities. AMICUS.—Your writing would be much better if you took more time over it. E. J. M.—There are many flowers that express love, among them the blue violet, myrtle and heliotrope. A. C. F.—We do not approve of girls allowing gentlemen too much familiarity. Unless you are engaged to the young man, you are perfectly right to refuse to kiss him. F. F.—Why not ask permission to call upon her at her home? You can be guided as to your future steps by her answer.

A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.